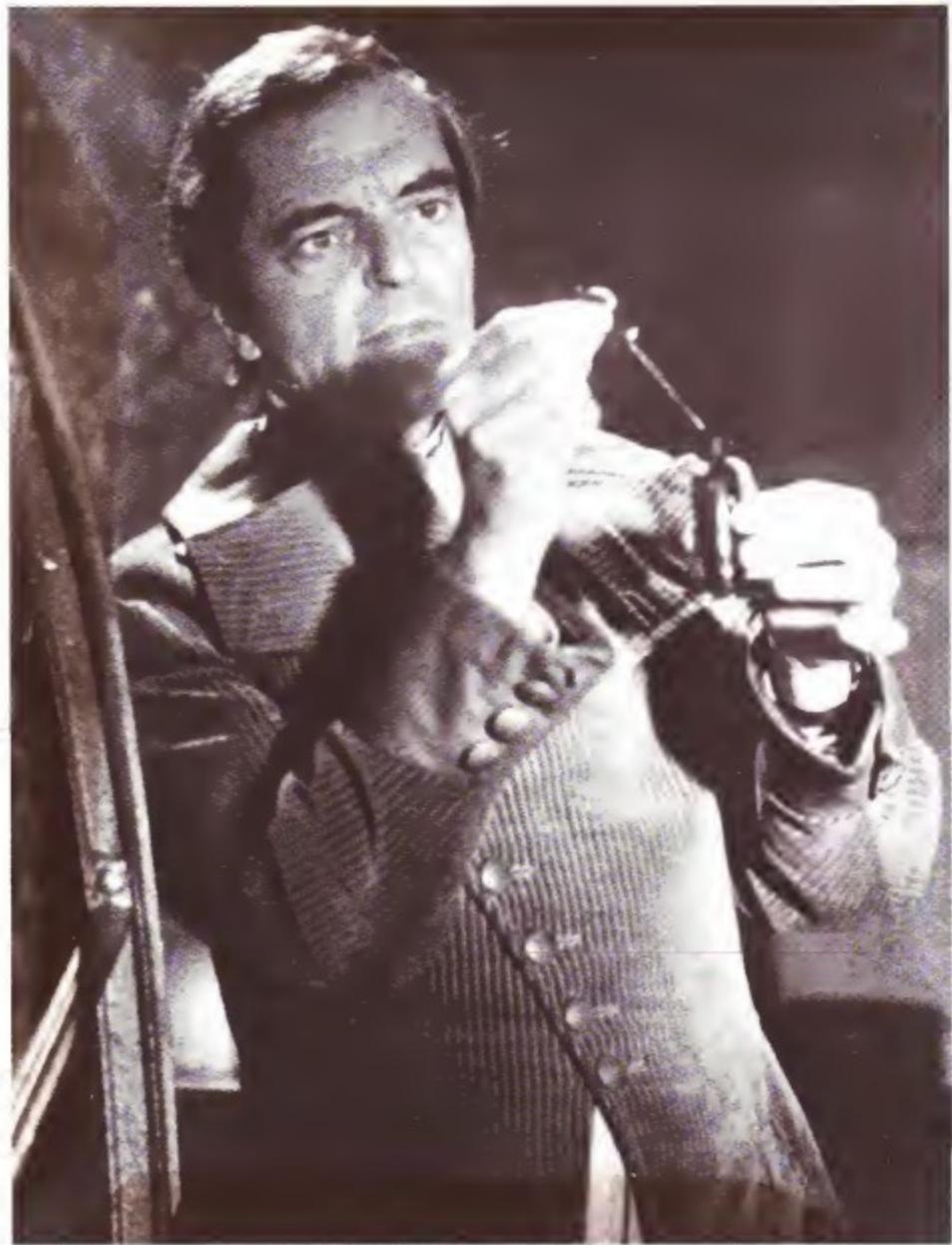


EUROPEAN TRASH CINEMA

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Howard Vernon speaks his mind about Jess Franco, Christopher Lee, Jean Rollin (plus more) in an exclusive ETC interview (Page 37)

europa n trash cinema

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THIS ISSUE

Comments	Page 4
Shooting The Shit	Page 6
Bruno Mattei Interview	Page 9
Bruno Mattei Filmography	Page 15
Review: <i>La Muerte Acaricia</i>	
<i>A Medianoche</i>	Page 17
Talents of Rosalba Neri	Page 20
Pornography vs Eroticism	Page 25
The Watchdog Bites	Page 31
Claude Chabrol's Dr M	Page 33
Howard Vernon Interview	Page 37
Pompano Joe Torrez:	
ETC Sleaze Awards	Page 45

THE COVER OF THIS ISSUE

Famed artist **Steve Bissette** restructures a moment of madness from Bruno Mattei's **Night Of The Zombies**

LONG LIVE ETC

EDITORIAL

With this issue of ETC the zine has entered a new age of covering the European genre scene. None of this would have been possible without a publisher like Tom Weisser. He has continued to support my efforts in publicizing the joys of foreign cinema.

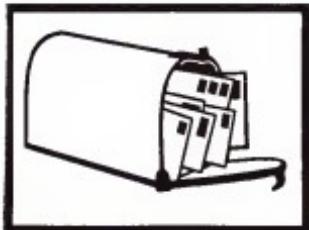
Meanwhile my contributors, both old and new, have elevated their efforts to meet the magazine's new standards. Special appreciation goes to Steve Bissette, Douglas Winter, Peter Blumenstock, Jeff Segal and **ESPECIALLY** Pompano Joe Torrez. You will also notice a plethora of nudity in the selection of photos used throughout the issue. If anyone has a problem with this, I **DON'T GIVE A FUCK!**

I will be attending (along with ETC/ATC's publisher, Tom Weisser) FANEX '92 in Baltimore this August. It's the premiere fan event and I encourage everyone to attend if possible. As to future issues of ETC, the next one will contain a Ruggero Deodato interview and filmography (along with a Steve Bissette cover from **CANNIBAL HOLOCAUST**). ETC #7 will be a special issue devoted to Jean Rollin and feature an interview and filmography. I plan to do a detailed filmography and analysis of 100 Italian Giallos and ETC #8 will focus on Enzo Castellari.

Adios

Craig

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EUROPEAN TRASH COMMENTS

DIRECT ALL CORRESPONDENCE TO: CRAIG LEDBETTER, PO BOX 5367, KINGWOOD, TX 77325

Dear Craig,

The Lenzi stuff in ETC #3 was wonderful. Where the hell do you get such brilliant publicity material? (Check out the names under Special Thanks-ED)

It's a shame Lenzi sounds as if he would rather not talk about his career, as if he were embarrassed by it all. Regarding his filmography:

1968-TUTTO PER TUTTO was released abroad as ALL OUT.

1968-UNA PISTOLA PER CENTO BARA may have had a US release as GO FOR BROKE.

1974-SPASMO- George Romero directed approximately 10 minutes of new "editing" footage for the American release.

1975-MILANO ODIA LA FOGLIA NON PUO' SPARARE had a US release by Joseph Brenner in 1975 as THE KIDNAPPING OF MARY LOU.

1975-IL GIUSTIZIERE SFIDA LA CITTÀ is out on video in GB as ONE JUST MAN.

1976-NAPOLI VIOLENZA is out on video in GB as DEATH DEALERS & SUDDEN JUSTICE. Its US video title is VIOLENT PROTECTION.

1977-IL CINICO, L'INFAME, IL VIOLENTO is out on video in GB as THE CYNIC, THE RAT AND THE FIST.

1978-IL GRANDE ATTACCO is out on video in GB as THE BIGGEST BATTLE.

1985-SQUADRA SELVAGGIA- I have the release title as I CINQUI DEL CONDOR.

1989-LE PORTE DELL'INFERNO (GATES OF HELL) Italy.
Alpha Cinematographica. Story: Umberto Lenzi. Screenplay: Olga Pehar Lenzi. Photography: Sandra Mancori. Cast: Pietro Genuardi, Barbara Cupisti, Lorenzo Majoni, Giacomo Rossi Stuart, Gaetano Russo, Andrea Damiano, Mario Luzzi.

Take care,

Julian Grainger
London, England

ETC.

Here are some additions to the Lenzi filmography in #3:
1962-DUELLO NELLA SILA was released to US TV as DUEL OF FIRE

1963-L'ULTIMO GLADIATORE was released to US TV as MESSALINA AGAINST THE SON OF HERCULES.

1966-LE SPIE AMANDO I FIORI was released to US TV as THE SPY WHO LOVED FLOWERS.

Hope that helps.

Best

Gordon Harmer
Canada

Just for the record

In ETC #4, I was erroneously credited with translations in Tim Lucas's article on Soledad Miranda. I do recall translating some Spanish materials for Tim's aborted Franco-book, but in the case of the French interview (which originally appeared in VAMPIRELLA #13, not #15) the translation should, I suspect, be credited to Lucas Balbo.

I am, however, quite sure that neither Lucas Balbo nor myself wish to take the credit (sic) for even suggesting that the name of Soledad Redon Bueno could mean "all-around good soldier". That instead looks suspiciously like the work of the same mad linguist who provides the often hysterically inaccurate translations of foreign film titles that regularly appear in Tim's own Video Watchdog magazine.

Michael Secula
Pennsylvania

P.S. SE TÖTETE IN EKSTASE means "She Kills In Ecstasy", not "Six Deaths..."

Craig.

The magazine has been consistently entertaining, the reviews intelligent, funny and I guess that explains why I'm so curious to see more of the flicks! The only negative comment I'd put forward is a mild one, that I'd like to see the balance tipped a little more in the direction of reviews,

inaccurate translations of foreign film titles that regularly appear in Tim's own Video Watchdog magazine.

Best wishes,

✓ Michael Secula

Pennsylvania

P.S. SIE TOTETE IN EKSTASE means "She Kills in Ecstasy", not "Six Deaths..."

ETC #4 was fantastic! I enjoyed the Martino interview immensely. He remains one of my favorite Italian directors. The best thing about ETC are the complete filmographies. However I wish you'd translate ALL titles into English (even those never released here).

✓ Mike Accomando

(Mike has published the first issue of his zine called, Dreadful Pleasures. It covers many seventies sleaze and comes highly recommended. Write to him at 650 Prospect Ave., Fairview, NJ 07022. He's also a good source for movie material. Ed.)

Dear ETC:

The Martino interview was fabulous! I was riveted all the way through. It was fascinating reading and the best interview you've published so far. Fulci on the other hand sounds like he's full of himself and can sit on a rusty tack. I thoroughly enjoyed John Thomen's review of AMERICAN TIGER even though I've not seen the film (the same goes for John Martini's (hilarious) comments regarding BLUE ANGEL).

You are truly blessed with some gifted writers. I got a big kick out of Horacio Higuchi's latest contribution with all the scientific tidbits and such. Dan's piece on Edwige Fenech was terrific. She's a gorgeous creature but I could never sit through as many of her movies as Dan. Hopefully this piece will bring him the attention he deserves.

One minor gripe, I'm a caption-e-holic so it drives me crazy to see so many of those photos and ad mats without them!

You're passing up a great opportunity to identify foreign film stars for those of us who can't quite connect a particular name with a face yet.

Arrivederci:

✓ Robert Sargent

(Bob's third issue of Videooze is out and comes highly recommended. Write to him at P.O.Box 9911, Alexandria, VA 22304. Ed.)

Beautiful weird cover by Steve Bissette on ETC#4. Enjoyed all the reviews (Horacio's was brilliant as usual). The Sergio Martino interview was excellent. He sounds like a nice guy and I loved his comment that his films are similar to a soft drink. Dan Pydynowski's look (and what a look she has) at Edwige Fenech was outstanding. I thought she was the best thing about PHANTOM OF DEATH.

Michael Secula's review of HOWL OF THE DEVIL was great. Tim Lucas' article on Soledad Miranda was terrific, too. Her striptease in VAMPYROS LESBOS made a lasting impression on me. Lastly, Pompano Joe's reviews are always fun. No complaints from me.

✓ Conrad Widener

Pennsylvania

Craig,

Here are some of Antonio Margheriti's screenplay credits before he became a director:

1) CLASSE DI FERRO (1957) Dir: Turi Vasile.

2) GAMBE D'ORO (1958) Dir: Turi Vasile

Also, in March of 1972 it was announced (but never made) that Margheriti was to direct UNTIL THE LAST DROP, "a film of science terror pegged to embryos". It was from a script by actress Orchidea De Santis.

✓ Michael Ferguson

Cinéfacts-Canada



Wanted Dead Or Alive: Rosalba Neri see Page 20

1 from Fernando di Leo's Slaughter Hotel

Shootin' The Shit

by Craig Ledbetter

Welcome to my newly instituted regular column where I get to do as the title suggest. Nothing profound will be stated here, just an excuse to give a few opinions of films and to steer you to publications of similar interest.

First off, if you're interested in foreign pre-records and you have a multi-standard VCR, write to 2000 Macias and request their catalogue. It's chock-full of great admats and contains some great ETC-type films. Send a couple of IRCs (International Reply Coupons) to 2, Rue d'eterville, 14790 Vernon, France.

In this country, there are only two video mail-order firms I would recommend. One you obviously know about, Video Search of Miami (what serious collector could live without these guys?); the other is Mike Vrancy's Something Weird Video. Mike usually carries a wealth of Psychotropic Sixties oddie films, however recently he has uncovered something that every ETC fan worth their salt should know about.

Jose Majca Marins is a Brazilian filmmaker who was far and above ahead of his time in the horror genre. During the sixties he produced a series of films featuring a demented character named Zé Do Caixao (Coffin Joe). Marins played Zé and once you view one of these films, you'll never forget that character. Something Weird is offering seven films directed (or in the case of TRILOGIA DE TERROR, co-directed) by Marins and they truly define the term "unique".

They are:

- 1) A MEIA NOITE LEVAREI SUA ALMA
- 2) ESTA NOITE ENCARNAREI NO TEU CADAVER

- 3) O ESTRANHO MUNDO DE ZÉ DO CAIXAO
- 4) TRILOGIA DE TERROR
- 5) DESPERTAR DA BESTIA
- 6) DELIRIOS DE UN ANOMORAL

- 7) EXORCISMO NEGRO

The first three are, hands down, some of the most twisted and strange films you will ever see. The others are not nearly so wild, but are

recommended none-the-less. Be aware of some problems. Although the first four films were made to B&W, the others were originally filmed in color.

However the color in those films comes and goes so you best turn the color signal on your TV set off. The important thing is that they have turned up (and by a reputable source!).



The infamous Brazilian filmmaker Jose Majca Marins

If you try only one, then I highly recommend you get **EL EXTRANHO MUNDO DE ZÉ DO CAIXAO**. It's a three-part anthology film that features cannibalism, necrophilia and other disgusting subjects.

Even though these films were made on a low budget, they are extremely effective and the fact that they are in a foreign language poses little or no problem to the adventurous videophile. I can't stress too highly what a welcome sight these films are to my jaded eyes. The titles sell for \$20 (plus \$3.00 for postage) Write to Something Weird Video, P.O.Box 33664, Seattle WA 98133. You won't be sorry.

DESTRUCTION FORCE (1977)—Stelvio Massa (aka Stel Mass aka Max Steel) is a schizoid directing talent at best. He veers from the competent (**44 SPECIALIST**) to the wickedly perverse (**ARABELLA**) to the perfunctory (this film aka **THE DIRTY GANG**). Luc Merenda stars as a police inspector who routinely kicks ass and takes names.

Merenda can be excellent (as in **Sergio Martino's SILENT ACTION**) but here he is totally let down by the director's failure to inform him that his hard-as-nails performance is at odds with the film proper.

Tomas Milian (in a curly wig only Barbra Streisand could love) stars as Trashy and he plays the part as if he were appearing in one of the numerous dumb-ass Bruno Corbucci COP comedies he made during the mid-seventies.

His part in this film resembles Fagin (ala **OLIVER TWIST**) to a bunch of young criminal wannabees. He preaches non-violence, is against the use of guns and instructs them in the art of 3-Card Monty and pickpocketing. Meanwhile, stone-faced Merenda goes from sub-plot to sub-plot until his character finally mixes it up with Milian.

The music by Bruno Canfora also reflects the plot's schizophrenia as it veers from hard-driving action themes to melodies more at home in a Charlie Chaplin short.

One final note. I'm a big proponent when it comes to dubbing (which my detractors take special delight in pointing out), but here it's borderline disastrous. No one in the cast is speaking English so none of the dialogue matches the lip movements.

Plus, the guy who does Milian's voice (it has appeared countless times in films such as **NATHALIE ESCAPE FROM HELL**, **THE SHE-WOLF OF SPILBURG**, and **THE PASSION OF EVELYN** to name a few) truly sounds like he hasn't taken a shit in a week. That same voice is also used for a multitude of minor characters throughout the film. Not recommended.

PYJAMA GIRL CASE (1977)—I remember reading an Eddie Campbell comic adaptation of this story in the first two issues of Steve Bissette's ground-breaking horror publication, **Taboo**.

It was about a young girl who was murdered, her face horribly mutilated to conceal her identity. The local police put the body on display in the hopes that someone could help identify the body. Apparently the Italians took a shot at adapting the same story back in the seventies and now, thanks to Dutch video (and British correspondent Simon Smith) I was able to see the results. Quite honestly, it's an effective piece of exploitation that is surprisingly directed by Flavio Morgherini (more often associated with artier-fare).

Ray Milland stars as a retired detective who gets wind of a gruesome discovery of the mutilated girl's body. Milland figures a way of becoming involved with the investigation, but is thwarted by a younger superior, who is attempting to use the murder's solution to further his own career.

Of course the younger inspector is totally inept and Milland ends up solving the case (unfortunately paying for it with his life). What's brilliant about this film is the way Morgherini and his co-scripters structure the story. Parallel to solving the mystery,

we get the background to who the girl was and why she was killed. This isn't obvious until well into the film and when you realize what's going on, you can't wait for the two plot-lines to merge.

detached beauty of Dalila & Lazzaro



Dalila & Lazzaro plays the girl who is murdered (she was the Monster's mate in **ANDY WARHOL'S FRANKENSTEIN**) and boy does she look good nude (even when she's on display - fucked up face and all). Others involved in her story are Mel Ferrer and Howard Ross.

Special mention should be made of Riz Ortolani's creepy, electronic score. It's just the right tone to set for this slow-building but scary little film.

It's discoveries like these that make it all worthwhile.

X312-FLIGHT TO HELL (1970)—An enjoyable, trashy adventure yarn by Jesus Franco, **FLIGHT TO HELL** features a host of great Spanish and German character actors. Token American Thomas Hunter is on a flight from Chile to Brazil when, true to form, the plane crashes in the jungle.

Surprisingly, the crash is effectively filmed by Franco (remember, this was back in the seventies, you know, when the director really gave a shit about making an entertaining film instead of a fast fuck) with nothing more than jerky camera movements and an abandoned aircraft.

We soon get to know the characters involved in this adventure. Fernando Sancho (*truly* the role model for the Frito Bandito) plays the ship's steward and in a ridiculous turn of events, is immediately seduced by Ewa Stromberg (*VAMPYROS LESBOS*). Seems Ewa just can't stand being alone (with Fernando around, she's outnumbered two-to-one).

Fernando turns out to be a true scumbag because when he realizes one of the passengers is carrying a fortune in diamonds (Siegfried Schürenberg, who appeared in a ton of German Edgar Wallace films made during the sixties), he quickly knocks him off (and Ewa too - she was a witness) and pockets the stones.

Meanwhile, a gang of bandits (headed by Howard Vernon who is painted brown so as to appear as a native) capture the remaining passengers and the jewels. While attempting to rattle the bed springs with Esperanza Roy (the pneumatic star of *A CANDLE FOR THE DEVIL* and *RETURN OF THE EVIL DEAD*), Vernon is killed. Roy and Hunter escape (the only remaining passengers to do so) and make plans to meet back at her place to decide the jewels' fate.

After arriving at Roy's chateau, Hunter is double crossed by her accomplice (Paul Mueller) and shot dead. Thinking they have outwitted everyone, Mueller and Roy are caught at the airport by the police, who had received an audiotape from Hunter explaining everything.

Seeing Fernando Sancho and Stromberg getting it on atop the jungle carpet, is truly disgusting sight. Only in the movies. Howard Vernon steals the show as the Brazilian bandit, abusing his mistress

and lackeys alike. Unfortunately, the weak link in this concoction is the bland lead performance by Thomas Hunter.

He exudes no charm and comes across as a humorless goody-two shoes. See it for Fernando's command performance. It was a role he played many times and Franco really allows him to cut loose.

To wrap up this first installment of my column (which I wanted to call **THE ANAL ZONE**, but my publisher nixed that idea), let me mention some noteworthy book projects. Craig Hosoda has just issued a second edition of his **THE BARE FACTS VIDEO GUIDE** and it's a welcome addition to videophile's book shelf. Craig has covered (and uncovered) in detail, hundreds of actresses and actors nude scenes in their movies.

There are a lot of Euro-starlets such as Laura Gemser, Sydne Rome, & Stefania Sandrelli but the main focus is American thespians. He not only mentions the specific nude scene but times its duration as well.

It's over 450 pages and a bargain at \$10.95. Write to Craig at P.O.Box 3255, Santa Clara, CA 95055-3255.

Let me RAVE about the Italian publishing house, Glittering Images. Without a doubt, they publish some of the finest looking softcover books devoted to bizarre cinema in the world.

I have three of the DIVA series books (DIVA CINEMA, DIVA OBSEXION & DIVA SATANICA) and I'm impressed! Anytime I can discover European genre films I never knew existed (their index in the back of each volume is a treasure trove) from a publication, it instantly moves into my must have section. I'm also a big fan of Italian comics artists and the DIVA series features some of the best.

In DIVA CINEMA you get a Milo Manara cover, interior artwork by Massimo Rotundo (IL BOIA SRLATTO aka BLOODY PIT OF HORROR), Leone Frolio (EIN TOTER HING IM NETZ aka HORRORS OF SPIDER ISLAND)

and Giorgio Donati (a beautiful adaptation of PEEPING TOM). Lots of other films are covered (in three languages, one of them fortunately is English) too. DIVA SATANICA covers the deviant side of things and you'll need a strong stomach as the European artistes render many blasphemous ideas without stinting on the shock value.

Finally, DIVA OBSEXION delves even further into the degenerate filmic lifestyle. As their back cover says - "Bondage Comix! Sleazy Photos! Damsels in Distress! Sexploitation Films! Women in Prison Films!" and on and on! YOU NEED THESE BOOKS. On top of that, GI has produced three books (all in the same oversized softcover format as the DIVA series) devoted to fifties bondage queen, Betty Page. All are excellent and run over 120 pages each.

Now as to ordering information, they take International Money Order in Lira (talk to your bank about how to get these) or U.S. cash (again your bank can help with the exchange rates).

I suggest you write to them for their catalogue at Via Ardengo Sofio, 11/13, 50142 FIRENZE, Italy. The DIVA series cost 40,000 Lira while the Betty Page books are 30,000 Lira. If you really want to see what is possible in lund world of ETC, check out what Glittering Images has to offer. You won't be disappointed.

Let me close with a well deserved plug for Andrew Featherstone's Blood And Black Lace #2. A beautiful looking magazine with color front and back covers, plus 44 slick pages in between.

There are interviews with Dario Argento and Samuel Z. Arkoff (who discusses Mario Bava with Tim Lucas), a profile and filmography on Michele Soavi and a ton of film and soundtrack reviews. Everything deals with the Italian horror film scene and it's inspiring to see all the hard work on display. Send \$6.50 to 350 West Post Oak Crossing, Marietta, GA 30060.

Just a note: Thanks for your continued support!

AN INTERVIEW WITH BRUNO MATTEI

CONDUCTED BY ANDREA GIORGI, MATTEO PALMIERI and ANDREA DAZ

TRANSLATION BY MAX DELLA MORA and ADRIAN SMITH

Bruno Mattei is known under many different pseudonyms (*Stefan Ohnasty, Jordan Matthews, Werner Körz, and especially Vincent Duvivier*) and has been involved in almost every kind of movie genre.

He began with Nazi exploitation films like *CASA PRIVATA PER LE SS* (out here as *SS GIRLS* on Media Video), moved on to the erotic with *LE NOTTI PORNÖ NEL MONDO* and even a film with XXXpornoqueen Cicciolina, *CICCIOLINA AMORE MIO*. He has tried action films like *STRIKE COMMANDO 1 and 2, DOUBLE TARGET, ROBOWAR*, horror films like *NIGHT OF THE ZOMBIES*, a peplum (*I SETTE MAGNIFICI GLADIATORI* out here as *THE 7 MAGNIFICENT GLADIATORS*), and even westerns like *SCALPS* and *WHITE APACHE*.

With the collaboration of Joe D'Amato he formed the production company *Variety*, recently responsible for such "classics" as *SHOCKING DARK* and *NIGHT KILLER/NON APRITE QUELLA PORTA 3* (oddly enough this signifies it as a part of *THE TEXAS CHAINSAW MASSACRE* series which went by this same Italian title). In this rare interview, Mattei talks candidly about his career. He knows he has never made a masterpiece and doesn't try to justify his work. This interview was conducted in Rome, in June of 1990.

How did you begin in the film industry?

I began in 1951, but I only began directing in 1975. From being an editor I moved straight on to directing with small movies on low budgets. I worked on more than 100 movies as an editor.

How do you feel when critics define your movies as B films?

This only happens in Italy. Only here are movies classified as A,B or C. In other countries there are simply good movies and bad movies.

In Italy, even if you make a good film, but in the C grade, it's considered just that, it's a mark that we have to carry with us. What really matters is the audience.

Are you influenced by Dario Argento's work?

Let's say that he has influenced almost everyone. For example, *L'ALTRO INFERNO/THE OTHER HELL* utilized Argento's concepts, but wasn't an absolute copy of *INFERNO*, the title was dictated by the distributor. He makes movies with lots of blood, I'm not adverse to it but in some countries, like Germany, gory movies aren't distributed.

What's your favorite movie that you directed?

I'd say *RATS: NOTTI DI TERRORE*. It was a movie I wanted to produce and it was different from the usual product of the time. But the production company wanted to make it in 4 weeks, while I wanted to spend 2 weeks with the actors and 5 to 6 weeks with the SFX. I'm fond of it because it was my original idea, unfortunately it didn't do well financially even though it sold all over the world.

How long does it take to make one of your movies and how much do they cost?

From writing the screenplay to the end product it takes 3 or 4 months. We make low budget movies

an interview with Bruno Mattei continues...



and I'm able to find solutions to keep them from going over budget. Not every director is able to do this, for example Castellari has problems with budgetary restrictions. Anyway, my movies usually cost around \$700,000 to \$800,000.

Did you have problems using the DAWN OF THE DEAD soundtrack for NIGHT OF THE ZOMBIES?

No, because we paid for the rights. We have utilized music not only from DAWN OF THE DEAD, but also BUIO OMEGA/BURIED ALIVE and the Luigi Cozzi film, ALIEN CONTAMINATION.

What about the stock footage used in NIGHT OF THE ZOMBIES?

That movie was made in Spain and as there aren't any jungles there (laughs), we bought footage from a Japanese documentary.

There has been a lot of speculation about your role in the direction of ZOMBIE 3. Can you clear up the rumors?

Lucio Fulci wasn't in good health so when we saw the first cut of the film, it was much too short, therefore I shot two weeks of material to fatten it up. There's a little in it by Fulci and a little by me.

What do you think of Fulci?

(Long Pause) I've not always liked what he's done but he's a master in the genre. I usually try and follow the same procedure the Americans have in the construction of their films. Not all directors do this, such as Deodato, even though I liked his CANNIBAL HOLOCAUST very much... an excellent movie.

What about the making of your ALIEN 3?

We've cancelled it to avoid rights problems with 20th Century Fox as they are making their own film under that title. Also, recently the market is not receiving this kind of product too well (apparently Matel's ALIEN 3 project has been reconsidered-Max). For example, we tried with SHOCKING DARK (released in Italy as TERMINATOR 2-Max) to have more in common



Bruno Mattei during Rats (1983) as his favorite educator

with ALIENS rather than THE TERMINATOR (in fact, Mattei even rips-off dialogue from the James Cameron sequel-Max). But we can't compete with the Americans, their movies are based on effects. We can't afford the necessary budget, therefore we are leaving that genre behind.

What kind of films are you now making?

Light comedy. The market asks for comedies with a pinch of sex, made in the USA with American settings and actors. They're Italian movies only because we make them. Action and horror films are no longer selling. The problem in Italy is that when you propose something new to the

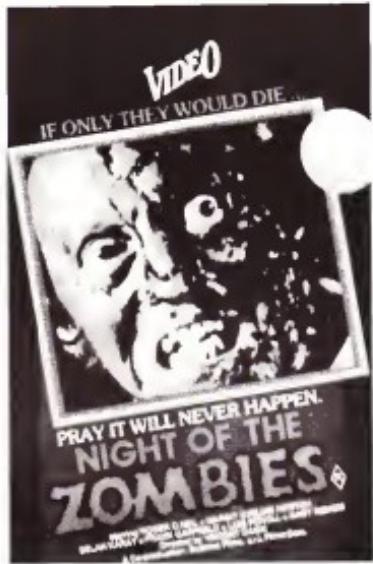
producers they won't accept it and prefer to copy a successful movie. Recently I saw GHOSTBUSTERS, an exceptional movie with a blend of horror and humor perfectly mixed, but it's unthinkable that we could make something like that in Italy. A German producer has even proposed that we change our ALIEN 3 into a monster Ninja to copy the success of TEENAGE NINJA TURTLES (laughs)! ZOMBIE 3 had a bad screenplay and I didn't want to make it but it was made to cash in on the name of Fulci and because ZOMBIE 2 was successful. ZOMBIE 3 is not a good movie. I remember a time when 007 was very successful and lots of copies were made in Italy. Then suddenly they bombed just as we were in production with 3 of them in Turkey. We proposed to the producer that we turn them into Westerns, but he refused and of course they were a disaster at the box-office. It's all exploitation of the same idea until it gets exhausted.

How do you define your type of cinema?

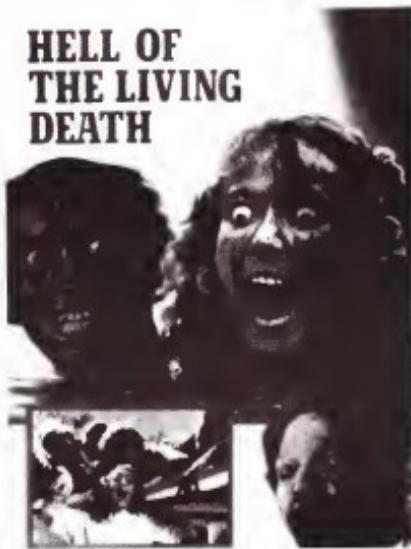
It's a routine. At first we wanted to operate a little workshop like Corman did but we saw that it would be impossible. I don't think I've yet made a film I'm happy with. I've not made a movie I really wanted to do. They've all been done for someone else.



Laura Gemser stars in
Bruno Mattei's Women's Prison
(Pénitencier de Femmes)



HELL OF THE LIVING DEATH



Four different video covers (and titles)
for Bruno Mattei's *Night Of The Zombies*



When the Creeping Dead
devour the living flesh!

ZOMBIE CREEPING FLESH



BRUNO MATTEI FILMOGRAPHY

Compiled by Horácio Higuchi, Michael Ferguson (Cinefacts)
and Craig Ledbetter with an assist by Simone Romano.

BRUNO MATTEI pseudonyms:

*Jordan B. Matthews, Jimmy Matheus, Axel Berger,
Stefan Oblowsky, Werner Knox, and Vincent Dawn*

1970 ARMIDA, IL DRAMMA DI UNA SPOSA

Italy (Cineproduzioni)

Directed by "Jordan B. Matthews".

Screenplay: Giacomo Gramegna. Cinematography: Antonio Modica. Music: Alessandro Alessandrini. Editor: Laura Cacciani. Cast: Franca Parisi, Frank Sherman, Maria Kiriakis, Peter Hunter, Robert Bryan.

Melodrama

1976 CASA PRIVATA PER LE S.S.

Export Title/U.S. Video Title: S.S.GIRLS
(*Media Home Video*)

Italy (Jalad)

Directed by "Jordan B. Matthews".

Screenplay: Bruno Mattei & Giacinto Bonacquisti. Cinematography: Emilio Giannini. Music: Gianni Marchetti. Editor: Vincenzo Vanni. Cast: Gabriele Carrara, Marina Daunia, Macha Magall, Vassili Karis, Tamara Trifez.

Nazi-atrocity melodrama

1976 CUGINETTA AMORE MIO

Export Title: LOVE SACRIFICE

Italy (Record)

Cast: Gino Pagnani, Tommy Polgar, Ria de Simone, Zigi Zanger.

1976 LE NOTTI PORNO NEL MONDO

[Released in 1981]

Italy (Prestige-Ascot)

Producer: Mario Paladini. Directed by "Jimmy Matheus". Screenplay: Jimmy Matheus. Cinematography: Enrico Birbicchi. Music: Joe Dynamo. Editor: Vincent Jones (=Vincenzo Vanni). Cast: Laura Gemser (host).

Soft-core porno show revue- Parts of the "Mondo" footage originally appeared in the U.S. sex anthology CAN I DO IT TILL I NEED GLASSES?

1977 KZ 9 LAGER DI STERMINIO

Export Titles: WOMEN'S CAMP 119, SS EXTERMINATION CAMP Italy (Three Stars 76)
Screenplay: Bruno Mattei, Aurieliano Luppi,

Giacinto Bonacquisti. Cinematography: Luigi Ciccarese. Music: Alessandro Alessandrini. Editor: Vincenzo Vanni. Cast: Ivano Staccioli, Ria De Simone, Sonia Viviani, Lorraine De Selle, Gabriele Carrara.

Nazi-atrocity melodrama

1978 EMANUELLE E LE PORNO NOTTI DEL MONDO N. 2

Export Title: EMANUELLE AND PORNO NIGHTS IN THE WORLD N.2 Italy
(Sorgente Cinematografica)

Directed by "J. Matheus". Cast: Laura Gemser (host).

Shockumentary

1979 CICCIOLINA, AMORE MIO

Export Title: THE GOODNIGHT GIRL
Italy(Romano Carta)

Directed by "Jimmy Matheus" and A. Van Dyke (=Amasi Damiani). Screenplay: Riccardo Schicchi. Cinematography: Antonio Piazza. Music: Gianni Marchetti. Editor: Amasi Damiani. Cast: Cicciolina (=Ilona Staller), Patrizia Basso, Paola Ludovica Barbanera, Giancarlo Marinangeli, Enrico Nessieres.

Sex comedy

1980 L'ALTRO INFERO

Export Title/U.S. Video title: THE OTHER HELL (Vestron Video/Let's Entertain You Video)
U.S. Release: GUARDIAN OF HELL

Italy(Cinemec)

Directed by "Stefan Oblowsky". Screenplay: Claudio Fragasso. Cinematography: Giuseppe Berardini. Music: Goblin. Editor: Liliana Serra. Cast: Carlo De Mejo, Franca Stoppo, Francesca Carmeno, Frank Garfield(=Franco Garofolo), Andrew Ray, Susan Forget, Paola Montenero.

Horror melodrama

1980 LA VERA STORIA DELLA MONACA DI MONZA

Export Title: THE TRUE STORY OF THE NUN OF MONZA

Italy (Cinemec)

Producer: Arcangelo Picchi. Directed by "Stefan Oblowsky". Screenplay: Claudio Fragasso.

Cinematography: Giuseppe Berardini. Music: Gianni Marchetti. Editor: Bruno Mattei. Cast: Zora Kerova, Franco Garofolo, Mario Cutini, Tom Fellegly, Annie Karol Edel.
Sex melodrama

1981 VIRUS-L'INFERNO DEI MORTI-VIVENTI
Spanish Title: APOCALIPSIS CANIBAL
U.S. Release Title/Video Title: NIGHT OF THE ZOMBIES (*Vestron Video*)

British Release Title: ZOMBIE CREEPING FLESH; Euro: HELL OF THE LIVING DEAD
Italy/Spain (Beatrice/Dara)

Directed by "Vincent Dawn". Screenplay: Claudio Fragasso & Jose Maria Cunilles. Cinematography: Juan Caherra. Music: Goblin. Editor: Claudio Borroni. Cast: Margit Evelyn Newton, Frank Garfield, Selan Karay, Robert O'Neil, Gahy Renom, Victor Israel, Antonio Molino Rojo.

Science fiction/horror adventure

1981 NERONE E POPPEA

French Video Title: LES AVENTURES SEXUELLES DE NERON ET POPPEE
U.S. Video: CALIGULA REINCARNATED AS NERO (*Magnum Video*)

Italy/France (Italfrance/Beatrice)
Directed by "Vincent Dawn". Screenplay: Vincent Dawn & Anthony Pass (Antonio Passalia). Cinematography: Luigi Ciccarese. Music: Albert Minski & Ted Scotto. Editor: Bruno Mattei. Cast: Zibi Polac (=Piotr Stanislas), Francoise Blanchard, Fanny Magier, Vladimir Brajovic, Betty Roland. Note: Some sources list a different cast: Rudy Adams, Patricia Derek, Susan Forget.

Historical sex melodrama

1981 CALIGOLA E MESSALINA

French Title: CALIGULE ET MESSALINE
Italy/France (Italfrance/Beatrice)

Directed by "Anthony Pass" (=Antonio Passalia). Supervised by "Vincent Dawn". Screenplay: Anthony Pass. Cinematography: Luigi Ciccarese. Music: Albert Minski, Ted Scotto & Giacomo dell'Orso. Editor: Jeanette Kronigel & Chantal Tesée. Cast: Vladimir Brajovic, Betty Roland, Francoise Blanchard, John Turner, Raúl Cabrera, Antonio Passalia.

Historical sex melodrama

1982 EMANUELLE - REPORTAGE DA UN CARCERE FEMMINILE

Alternate Italian Title: VIOLENZA IN UN CARCERE FEMMINILE

French Title: PENITENCER DE FEMMES
Export/U.S. Video Title: CAGED WOMEN
(*Vestron Video*)

Italy/France (Beatrice/Jacques Leitienne)
Directed by "Vincent Dawn". Screenplay: Paolamhrogio Molteni. Cinematography: Luigi Ciccarese. Music: Luigi Cecarelli. Editor: Bruno Mattei. Cast: Laura Gemser, Gabriele Tinti, Lorraine De Selle, Maria Romano, Ursula Flores. *Women-in-prison sex melodrama*

1984 I SETTE MAGNIFICI GLADIATORI

U.S. Video Title: THE SEVEN MAGNIFICENT GLADIATORS (*MGM/UA Video*)

Italy (Cannon Italia)
Screenplay: Claudio Fragasso. Cinematography: Silvano Ippoliti. Music: Dov Seltzer. Editor: Bruno Mattei. Cast: Lou Ferrigno, Brad Harris, Sybil Danning, Dan Vadis, Carla Ferrigno, Sal Borgese.
Historical adventure

1985 RATS - NOTTE DI TERRORE

French Title: LES RATS DE MANHATTAN
Alternate French Title: LES MUTANTS DE LA DEUXIEME HUMANITE

Italian Production Title: I TOPI
U.S. Video Title: RATS (*Lightning Video*)
Italy/France (Beatrice/Jacques Leitienne)
Directed by "Vincent Dawn". Screenplay: Claudio Fragasso & Hervé Piccini. Cinematography: Franco Delli Colli. Music: Luigi Cecarelli. Editor: Gilbert Kikoine. Special Makeup Effects: Maurizio Trani. Cast: Richard Raymond, Joanne Ryan, Alex McBride, Richard Cross, Ann Gisel Glass.

Science fiction/horror adventure

1985 HANNA D: RAGAZZA DEL VONDEL PARK

French Title: HANNA D - LA FILLE DU VONDEL PARK

Italy/France (Beatrice/Jacques Leitienne)
Directed by "Axel Berger". Screenplay: Rino Di Silvestro. Cinematography: Franco Delli Colli. Music: Luigi Cecarelli. Editor: Bruno Mattei. Cast: Ann Gisel Glass, Sebastiano Somma, Antonio Serrano, Karin Schuhert, Donatella Damiani, Jacques Stany.
Crime drama

1986 L'APACHE BIANCO

Export: WHITE APACHE (*Imperial Video*)
Italy/Spain (Beatrice/Filmexport)

Directed by "Vincent Dawn". Screenplay: Franco Prosperi. Cinematography: Julio Burgos & Luigi Ciccarese. Music: Luigi Ceccarelli. Cast: Sebastian Harrison, Lola Forner, Albert Farley, Charlie Bravo, Cinzia Ponti.
Western

1986 SCALPS

U.S. Video Title: SCALPS (*Imperial Video*)
Italy/Span (Beatrice/Filmexport)

Directed by "Werner Kaox". Screenplay: Bruno Mattei & Roberto Di Girolamo. Cinematography: Julio Burgos & Luigi Ciccarese. Music: Luigi Ceccarelli. Cast: Vassili Karis, Karen Wood, Beny Cardoso, Charlie Bravo.
Western

1987 FUGA DALL'INFERNO (Shooting Title)

Export Title: DOUBLE TARGET

Italy (VIT/Variety)

Producer: Franco Gaudenzia. Directed by "Vincent Dawn". Screenplay: Clyde Anderson (= Claudio Fragasso) & Vincent Dawn. Cinematography: Riccardo Grassetti. Music: Stefano Mainetti. Editor: Bruno Mattei. Cast: Miles O'Keefe, Donald Pleasence, Bo Svenson, Kristine Erlandsson, Alan Collins (=Luciano Pigozzi).
Action drama

1987 STRIKE COMMANDO

(International Video Entertainment)

Italy (Flora)

Directed by "Vincent Dawn". Screenplay: Clyde Anderson (= Claudio Fragasso). Cinematography: Richard Gras (= Riccardo Grassetti). Music: Luigi Ceccarelli. Editor: "Vincent Dawn". Cast: Reb Brown, Christopher Connolly, Loes Kamma, Alan Collins, Alex Vitale.
Action drama

1987 STRIKE COMMANDO 2

Export Title: BORN TO FIGHT

Italy (Flora)

Producer: Franco Gaudenzia. Directed by "Vincent Dawn". Screenplay: Claudio Fragasso, Cinematography: Riccardo Grassetti. Music: Al Festa. Editor: Bruno Mattei. Cast: Brent Huff, Mary Stavin, John Van Dreelen, Alex McBride, Alan Collins, Werner Pochath.
Action drama

1987 APPUNTAMENTO A TRIESTE

Export Title: RENDEZVOUS IN TRIESTE

Italy (Tiber-RAI 1)

Producer: Alfio Sugaroni. Screenplay: Lucio

Battistrada, Silvio Maestranzi, Claudio Fragasso. Cinematography: Riccardo Grassetti. Cast: Cristina Borgi, Tony Musante, William Berger, Jacques Sernas, Edmund Purdom, Laura Trotter, Laura Troschel.
Four Part TV series

1988 GIOCHI DI POLIZIOTTO

Export Title: COP GAME

Italy (Variety)

Producer: Franco Gaudenzia. Directed by "Vincent Dawn". Screenplay: Rossella Drudi. Cinematography: Luigi Ciccarese & Riccardo Grassetti. Music: Al Festa. Editor: Bruno Mattei. Cast: Brent Huff, Max Laurel, Werner Pochath, Alan Collins.
Action drama

1988 ZOMBI 3

Export Title: ZOMBIE 3

Italy (Flora)

Directed by Lucio Fulci, later replaced by Bruno Mattei. Screenplay: Claudio Fragasso. Cinematography: Riccardo Grassetti. Music: Stefano Mainetti. Special makeup Effects: Franco Di Girolamo. Cast: Deran Serafian, Beatrice Ring, Richard Raymond, Alex McBride, Ulli Reintale.
Science fiction/horror adventure

1988 ROBOWAR - ROBOT DA GUERRA

Export Title: ROBOWAR

Italy (Flora)

Directed by "Vincent Dawn". Screenplay: Claudio Fragasso & Rossella Drudi. Cinematography: Riccardo Grassetti. Editor: Bruno Mattei. Cast: Reb Brown, Catherine Hickland, Max Laurel, Mel Davidson, Alex McBride.
Science fiction adventure

1989 SHOCKING DARK-SPECTRES A VENISE

Italian Video Title: TERMINATOR 2

Export Title: SHOCKING DARK

Italy (Flora)

Directed by "Vincent Dawn". Producer: Franco Gaudenzia. Screenplay: Claudio Fragasso. Cinematographer: Riccardo Grassetti. Music: Variety Film/Flipper Music. Editor: Bruno Mattei. Cast: Christopher Ahrens, Haven Tyler, Mark Steinborn, Norma Coulson, Geretta Giancarlo Field.
Science fiction adventure

The editor encourages corrections and/or additions to this filmography.

The following editor credits for Bruno Mattei were supplied by Mike (Cinefacts) Ferguson.

1964
IL TRIONFO DEI DIECI GLADIATORI
(SPARTACUS & 10 GLADIATORS)
Director: Nick Nostro

1967
CORAGGIOSO, LO SPIETATO, IL TRADITORE
(THE BRAVE, THE RUTHLESS, THE TRAITOR)
Director: Juan Xiol Marchal and Edoardo Mularca

1967
GOLDFACE, FANTASTICO SUPERMAN
(GOLDFACE, FANTASTIC SUPERMAN)
Director: Adalberto Albertini

1967
UOMO DAL PUGNO D'ORO, L'
(THE MAN WITH THE GOLDEN FIST)
Director: Jaime Jesus Balcazar

1968
PER 50.000 MALEDETTI DOLLARI
(FOR 50,000 DAMNED DOLLARS)
Director: Jose De La Loma

1968
IL MAGNIFICO TONY CARRERA
(THE MAGNIFICENT TONY CARRERA)
Director: Jose De La Loma

1968
NICHTEN DER FRAU OBERST
(THE NIECES OF FRAU OBERST)
Director: Erwin C. Dietrich

1975
EMANUELLE E FRANCOISE
(EMANUELLE'S REVENGE)
Director: Joe D'Amato
Mattei also shares a screenplay credit

1976
EVA NERA (BLACK COBRA)
Director: Joe D'Amato

1976
VELLUTO NERO
(BLACK VELVET, WHITE SILK)
Director: Brunello Rondi

Unsolicited comments from some Video Search Of Miami customers:

I've never run into a company like yours! Not only are you the FASTEST, your prints are the best.
Vincent Sneed

Your list and service is brain-frying!
Max Allan Collins

It's nice to deal with someone so knowledge of the product they sell. I called with a list of questions and you answered all of them. Thankyou!
Robert Galtstein

I must congratulate you on your fast service and selection - it's unbelievable! You easily have well over a hundred films that I've always wanted.
Tony Jermane, Florida

Finally, a source for most of the videos I've been reading about for years.
Joseph Gatto

I want to thank you again for the good and prompt service. The selection. And the quality. No other genre video company comes close to you.
Ronald Bender

I'm not exaggerating when I say that your company offers the most extraordinary titles I've ever seen! Astonishingly enough, you've got a lot of German movies which are impossible to find here in Germany! How do you do it?
Chris Baer, Germany

You guys are the the best!
Conrad Whitmer

Once again, thanks for taking the time to talk to me about many of your obscure titles. You've aided me greatly in my choices of somewhat unfamiliar films.
Theresa Crawford

Thank you for your quick, courteous service. I recommend you to my friends.
Richard Seiter

The copies of your films are incredibly good. I'm ashamed to admit that I've ordered from other companies because they were a bit cheaper (you know who). But those tapes were unwatchable. Video Search is the best. Keep doing it!
Allegriar Pyley

Your competitors can't touch you. You've got it all!
Sam Parson

I'll never buy from anyone else!
Robert Caruso

Thanks for sending me an upgrade of *The Killer*. It was very gracious of you and certainly cements my confidence in ordering items through your service.
Ray Kowalefs

The stuff is great. You guys are remarkable!
Jim Schaefer

Thanks for the incredible, quick delivery of the films! And the quality is great!
Larry Marshall

Because of you, my own video collection has become much more complete and diverse. I appreciate the concentration on Euro titles, the expediency of the shipments and your willingness to discuss the various merits of the films available.
Robert Lewis

I am very pleased with your service and promptness! I've enjoyed the videos and am constantly amazed at how good they look! I've recommended Video Search to my friends...
Hilary Lewellen

Appreciate the fast service on my orders. You REALLY do ship within two days!
Sperry Julian

Thanks for the VERY FAST delivery of my orders! You've got everything!
Dave Kramer

Please send some additional catalogs. I want to tell everybody about your incredible company. My friends need to order from you...
Roger Berndt

Many thanks for your quick and professional service. You really do put every other company to shame.
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review

LA MUERTE ACARICIA A MEDIANOCHE (1972)

DIRECTED BY LUCIANO ERCOLI

REVIEWED BY BOB SARGENT

Seeing as this Italian/Spanish co-production hasn't made it into any reference works (at least, any of those I've seen), a much-needed plot synopsis seems to be in order. Newspaper reporter Gio Baldi (Simon Andreu) and a professor Donati visit the apartment of a famous model named Valentina (Susan Scott) who has accepted money for her part in an experiment involving the use of a hallucinogenic drug. Donati administers the drug and it induces a euphoric state — allowing the reporter to go about his business of asking the model some questions while she is under the influence. Her happiness is terminated when she has a vision of a man-in-dark-sunglasses using a cestus (a spiked, mailed glove similar to those favored by the gladiators of ancient Rome) to viciously murder an unidentified woman. The hemoglobin splashes everywhere (including the lens of the camera).

Having recovered from this nightmarish episode, Valentina stops at a newsstand when she spots a copy of NOVELLA 2000 bearing an unflattering photo of herself on the cover that Gio took during his hallucinations — accompanied by a sensationalistic headline about the interview. The police take notice too, so Commissioner Seripa hauls both Gio and a very pissed-off Valentina into his office for questioning. Apparently, the details of the crime Valentina "witnessed" in a state of semi-unconsciousness closely match those of a murder that occurred awhile back in a vacant apartment located in a building adjacent to that of her own.

Once back at home, with her sculptor-boyfriend Stefano, Valentina gets a message from her mousy,

whistling doorman to go to the apartment Seripa was talking about. The killer follows her and attempts to punch his way through the door with the cestus. Valentina manages to attract Stefano's attention (fortunately, he is still in her apartment) by reflecting sunlight at him with a shard of broken glass. He rushes over to help but the killer slips away unseen.

A rich, attractive woman named Veruska persuades Valentina to ride in her car and look at some photographs of Helen, her sister to see if she recognizes her as the murder victim in her vision (nope, she doesn't). Segue to an asylum (we see the cestus hanging on the wall unnoticed) where Valentina makes her way past a bothersome, tap-dancing loony to see a withdrawn young man, named Nicola, at Veruska's insistence. When the crippled doctor in charge makes an appearance, Veruska abruptly departs, stranding Valentina who is forced to hitch a ride with a singing, beer-swilling van driver. They pass a car on the highway and Valentina spots the killer sitting in the back seat. She clamors for pursuit but her temporary chauffeur has his own amorous ideas. After escaping the rude advances of the van driver (a quick spike-heel to the groin takes care of him)

she is picked up by the police. Back at police HQ, Seripa shows Valentina pictures of Helen (the victim of the murder the police are investigating) and Nicola (her alleged killer). She is unable to identify either as the people from her vision. Instead she picks a photo of a woman named Dolores off his desk saying that SHE is the dead woman she saw. Valentina's sanity is questioned (and we start to get an inkling of where this is leading).



Numerous strange developments follow. A black-gloved hand cuts a rope causing a suspended stone statue to nearly crush Valentina during photo shoot. Another encounter with the crippled asylum director reveals that he is looking for Veruska who he calls "a very sick woman". We notice Valentina being shadowed by two thugs (one of them with a hyena-like laugh and an affinity for knives). Weirder still, a bearded man with pale skin who has continually been harassing the model shows up to pull a dead cat out of a paper bag (its throat had been slit). Valentina is beginning to wonder if she shouldn't check into the asylum herself by now.

Meeting Veruska again, the two women drive to an isolated house outside the city where Valentina notices a picture of the killer in a scrapbook at the same moment he emerges from a dark corner of the room they occupy. He is Andre - Helen's lover. The lights are doused, a struggle ensues and Valentina slips out a window. Thinking of only escaping in the car, she is horrified to discover Veruska's dead body has somehow already been placed in it. A huge knife protrudes from her chest and Andre is spotted fleeing the scene.

By the time police arrive, they find both the car and the body have disappeared. In addition, the photos have been removed from the scrapbook (or were they ever there in the first place?). The big question is, of course --- is Valentina really going insane? We're not certain but Seripa sure thinks so.

More unpleasantness for Valentina: Stefano abuses her after a bout of heavy drinking, the crippled asylum director is found dead (apparently of a gunshot wound) and someone even crashes the damn cestus through Valentina's window. She then witnesses the two thugs (named Juan and Hans) roughing-up Andre at the vacant apartment across the way. She and Gio rush over to find no one there. They argue and Valentina returns home alone to discover Juan and Hans in her apartment with Andre's dead body propped up on her couch -- a knife protruding from his chest (the same way as Veruska). Intending to make it appear as if a murder/suicide has taken place, the two hitmen prepare to hang Valentina from some exercise bars after seeing to it that her fingerprints are on the knife sticking in Andre. Stefano arrives and Valentina rushes to him -- but her joy is shortlived, for he coldly mutters, "Why haven't you killed her yet?", as she embraces him.

Confused? As nearly as I can tell (the

revelation is mostly visual), we have two killers (typically Italian, ain't it?). First, Stefano murdered Helen with the cestus and framed Nicola for that murder. Second, Andre comes along and uses it to kill Dolores (the victim in Valentina's hallucination). Stefano reveals this all flashback-style.

By chance, Gio arrives at Valentina's apartment before the killers can finish her off. Spotting dead Andre on the couch through the door, Gio plays it cool until he can sucker-punch Stefano and burst in. He grapples with the two hitmen and cuts the rope around Valentina's neck before she strangles. The villains follow Gio to the rooftop for the big finale. Stefano knocks Valentina unconscious and follows. Hans and Juan keep Gio rather busy in some entertaining fight sequences that are downright comical (for example, Gio trips Juan who then flies headfirst into a pile of bricks -- conveniently framed by the camera for just such a purpose). Juan eventually goes over the side of the building and messily splatters his brains on the pavement (almost on top of Commissioner Seripa). Gio takes a thrown-knife in the arm but shoves Hans' (who is not-so-hot at fistcuffs) face down in a bag of lime (Owl). Stefano jumps into the fray and works over the wounded Gio to the sound of police sirens. About to finish off his nearly-incapacitated victim, Stefano gets a hole blown through him by Valentina who has regained consciousness and retrieved somebody's gun. Hans clears enough lime out of his eyes to attempt a dual knife toss at the pair but Seripa backshoots the would-be assassin in the nick-of-time. Difficult to assess because it's not exactly what you could call sensational, Luciano Ercoli's third directorial effort, **LA MUERTE ACARICIA A MEDIANOCHE**, is an ably-paced thriller scripted from a story by Sergio Corbucci (better remembered, of course, for his work in Spaghetti Westerns). Not to condemn the director with faint praise, the picture is stylish (and greatly benefits from some nicely executed Technicolor photography by Fernando Arribas), has the aforementioned well-choreographed fight scenes, explicitly gory murder sequences, many eclectic characterizations and opening credits that boast the most haunting vocals I've heard since **THE DEVIL'S NIGHTMARE**. Of relatively economic construction, **ACARICIA** admittedly has a little fat that needs trimming and some of these parts are rather tedious to sit through if you don't understand El Espanol. The film title translates: Death Caresses at Midnight.

ACARICIA was possibly made back-to-back with 1971's **LA MUERTE CAMINA CON TACON ALTO** (*Death Walks with High Heels*), a belter thriller which utilizes some of the same cast. Ercoli began his directing career in 1970 with **LE FOTO PROIBITE DI UNA SIGNORA PERBENE** (*The Prohibited Photos of a Respectable Lady*) which, much like his subsequent films, reportedly drew inspiration from contemporary headlines (probably an Italian equivalent to the National Enquirer, judging by the title for that one). For his later works (**IL FIGLIO DELLA SEPOLTA VIVA** and **LUCREZIA GIOVANE** to name two, both 1974), he sometimes used the pseudonym Andre Colbert.

Susan Scott (real name: Nieves Navarro) is no stranger to Italian fantasy cinema and has appeared in numerous spaghetti westerns as well. **ACARICIA** afforded her a better chance to showcase her acting skills than some later film appearances that seemed only interested in exploiting her body (the relentlessly sleazy and moronic **EMANUELLE IN EGYPT 1977** comes to mind). Nude scenes are conspicuously absent from this print (perhaps the Italian version is



uncensored?) and at least one could be perceived as having been cut. Her co-star, Spanish-born actor Simon Andreu is a veteran of European co-productions and perfect for the part of the fast-talking Gio who (quite hilariously) seems destined to have a continuous stream of bent cigarettes hanging out of his mouth. Andreu came to Italy to star in **LA CASA DE LAS CHIVAS** when Ercoli must have first noticed him and signed him up for **LA MUERTE CAMINA**...

THE AUTHOR GRATEFULLY ACKNOWLEDGES THE KIND OF ASSISTANCE OF MICHAEL SECULA FOR VALUABLE PRESSBOOK INFORMATION. SPECIAL THANKS ALSO GOES OUT TO JON GAVIRIA, BARBARA HUDDLESTON AND MIKE MEINTZCHEL FOR MUCH NEEDED TRANSLATIONS FROM THE SPANISH AND ITALIAN REFERENCE MATERIALS.

TALENTS OF ROSALBA NERI



Rosalba Neri (aka Sara Bay) is hands down, my favorite Italian actress when it comes to ETC. She made her film debut in 1957 with *MON COQUIN DE PERE*, directed by George Lacombe. From 1957 to 1974 (her most prolific period), Rosalba Neri starred in over 70 movies.



Should I live long enough, I hope to see the following Neri films: 1) *CONFESIONES IN A CONVENT* (1973, Paolo Solvay); 2) *FIRST TANGO IN ROME* (1973, Enzo Glicco); 3) *LA MUERIA INCERTA* (1971, Jose Larraz)

Your editor, Craig



A one time favorite of Jesus Franco (*LUCKY THE INSCRUTABLE*, *JUSTINE*, *99 WOMEN*), she

is widely known in this country for her appearances in *DEVIL'S WEDDING NIGHT* (1971, Paolo Solvay), *SLAUGHTER HOTEL* (1971, Fernando Di Leo) and *LADY FRANKENSTEIN* (1971, Mel Welles). Other less well known roles available here in the US on video include *AMUCK* (1970, Silvio Amadio) and *GIRL IN ROOM 2A* (1977, William Rose--Who the HELL is this guy?)





Sirpa Lane calms the savage beast:
a highly controversial scene from the smutty version of Walerian Borowczyk's *Le Béet* (*The Bear*)

The Extremes Of Passion: **PORNOGRAPHY VS. EROTICISM**

by Jeff Segal

Sex remains one of the most controversial selling points of film. Its rival at the box office, the simulation of violence, peaked out with publically accepted bloodbaths that sucked in big bucks despite critical disclaim. However, sex in the cinema encourages dispute whenever prominent in a movie's marketing and make up. Woven erotically through the narrative or presented as moist X-rated porn, the choreographed carnality can be counted on to fascinate as many viewers as it offends. Open-minded fans may even glean information about the warped sensibilities of film makers through their depiction of lust.

Europe is a trove of multi-genre cinematic sex. In particular, Spain, Italy, France, Germany and Great Britain flooded the world markets with sensuous fare. Laboring under conflicting rating systems, cultural influence, and artistic (or lack thereof) pretensions, these movie-makers accumulated a formidable body of work over the past three decades.

Naturally, there exists something even for fans of discriminating tastes. Hammer Studio productions and Italian gothique' (especially **BLACK SUNDAY** 1960, **CASTLE OF BLOOD** 1964, **NIGHTMARE CASTLE** 1965) promoted a sensual atmosphere in European horror films that continues to this day.

Efforts such as **BLOOD AND ROSES** (1960), **THE HOUSE THAT SCREAMED** (1969),

DAUGHTERS OF DARKNESS (1971), **THE WICKERMAN** (1973), **VAMPTIES** (1974), **SISTERS OF SATAN** (1975) and **THE LAIR OF THE WHITE WORM** (1988) aroused more interest in Old World fright movies. A preoccupation with sexuality cropped up in bloated melodramas ranging from Tinto Brass' **SALON KITTY** (1976) and the notorious **CALIGULA** (1980) to lower budgeted prison camp and period piece sieze.

Bondage can be found in Pedro Almodovar's Spanish comedy **TIE ME UP/TIE ME DOWN!** (1990) and scores of lesser films, including Lucio Fulci's **DANGEROUS OBSESSION** (1987) and **APOCALYPSE SEXUAL**. Carlos Aured was more successful with his early seventies horror efforts).

Famed art films such as Roger Vadim's **DON JUAN** (a 1973 film with Brigitte Bardot and Jane Birkin), **THE FOURTH MAN** (1984), **DEVIL IN THE FLESH** (1987) and the German **VIRGIN MACHINE** (1988) market sex from a point far removed from the European gushing out of the continent's underbelly. The Old World is a fertile hunting ground for the adventurous viewer.

This survey will attempt to define and contrast pornography and eroticism through the work of four famed Eurotrash directors. Unfortunately, the sheer weight of cinema disseminated by these auteurs will limit analysis to a few entries per gentlemen. Otherwise, this piece could have easily swelled to book length.

Defining pornography and eroticism is a daunting task. Staged sex will affect viewers differently; one man's prize Jesus Franco or Jean Rollin video collection is another fellow's garbage. Film makers may also emulate each other's sexual choreography with differing intentions and results.

For instance, the aesthetics of porn in movies usually limits it to gynecological detailed copulation. It should be shot raw, in a starkly lit environment so you can enjoy every movement without straining the eyes.

The director and cast seek only to gratify their audience's animal urges; pornography is concerned with little else emotionally but the sexual acrobatics. Usually confined to XXX stroke films, porn occasionally intrudes into softcore and genre selections (with searing results, as we'll see).

On the other hand, eroticism may be as understated as a furtive caress or a meaningful glance between characters. Erotic content may rival porn for explicitness.

The director relies on production design (camera work, editing, lighting, sound effects, even stylized acting) to create a sensual mood.

The desire of cinerotica is to seduce you into empathy with the performers. By luck or film maker's artistic conviction, the audience will feel the desired sensation. Commercial, fantastic and softcore features usually contain eroticism.

PORNOGRAPHY vs EROTICISM

Jesus Franco (Spain), Aristide Massaccesi (Italy), Jean Rollin (France) and ex-patriate Pole Walerian Borowczyk rose to prominence in the multi-national Eurotrash cinema arena of the seventies. Each man has devoted over two decades (or longer) of his life to film making. Blessed with a unique vision that elevates them above faceless hackery, these directors continually alter (or corrupt?) the concept of cinematic sex in order to accommodate their unique visions. No matter how marginal some of the films are, each artist left an important mark on the field. Their filmographies will provide the battlefield between pornography and eroticism.



Dyanne Thorne seduces Lina Romay in the steamy Amazon prison (from Jesus Franco's *Greta The Mad Butcher*)

Globally, Jesus Franco has directed more sleaze, under a variety of pseudonyms, than any other film maker. His influence on ETC will never be forgotten by the fan who endured one (or a hundred) of the man's cinematic creations. Franco's film library spans horror, fantasy, science fiction, espionage-thrillers, sexploitation and porn. The avalanche of his work, plus its thematic consistency, leave critics wondering whether Franco is an auteur, hack, sensationalist or pervert. Perhaps all appellations apply.

Women are viewed as victims and/or destroyers in much of his filmography. Their presence usually represents uninhibited sexuality. However, Franco does not hesitate to break the rhythm of what could have been sensual encounters with ineptly directed crassness. His hastily shot productions offer musical scores that either entrance the narrative or are laughably inappropriate; dubbed-in English Franco dialogue is lethal; the performances may be rather stiff; overuse of the zoom lens and ragged editing also contribute to the lack of tempo in the Spaniard's work.

Yet Franco's sexcess cannot be ignored. His films escalated in explicitness during the early seventies, embracing imagery far more unsettling than just about anything the gorier H.G.Lewis School of Schlock ever cobbled together. The director's collaboration with a

young woman, wife-to-be Lina Romay, resulted in some of the most torrid movies of Franco's career. The actress was willing to suffer for her art in shocking works as *DORIANA GRAY* (1975) and *GRETA THE MAD BUTCHER* (1977).

DORIANA GRAY (1975) covered a frequent Franco preoccupation - the woman who, via weapon or natural means, murders her mate during copulation. The director generally fills the screen with every glistening fold of labial flesh as Lina Romay mysteriously commits homicide during oral sex. Not surprisingly, *DORIANA GRAY*'s murky photography and microscopic camera detail denudes the film of any seductive atmosphere. As with generic porn, this foreign language import is too perversely obsessed by gynecological functioning to offer erotic thrills. This may have been Franco's intention.

GRETA THE MAD BUTCHER was an offshoot of the WW 2 prison camp endurance test, most famously exploited by Don Edmond's *ILSA-SHE WOLF OF THE SS* (1975). ILSA veteran Dyanne Thorne presides over a Latin American reformatory school where delinquent women are gang raped, beaten and tortured into model citizens (ie catatonic zombies). One inmate is coerced into using her tongue as a pooper scooper while another woman sado-

masochistically delights in having needles stuck into her breasts. The wardeness hugs the lady tightly, driving the pins even deeper. After sitting through all this stuff, you'll find the film's climax won't even deliver genuine catharsis. Although Greta/Ilsa perishes beneath the cannibalistic caresses of her revolting inmates, the movie's heroine is left drooling because of a series of brain charring shock treatments.

Never as explicit as XXX-type material, **GRETA THE MAD BUTCHER** slashes the viewers libido. Devoid of humor and camp, the film smothers any eroticism beneath and atmosphere of depression. This is porn, delivered in a manner sure to violate its intended audience.

Genre efforts can rape even jaded viewers with or without blue movie penetration footage so all Franco was doing was carrying on the proud tradition. Roman Polanski's masterful **REPULSION** (1965) and its vengeance driven American cousin, **MS. 45** (1980) bludgeoned fans with the psychological/physical violation of their female protagonists. Ironically, the sexual violence committed against these characters and other cinematic rape victims manipulated us into identifying with the women as they cut, chopped, burned, broke, shot and de-balled their male antagonists. Additionally, the injustices committed by the civilized scum in **NIGHT TRAIN MURDERS** (1975), a **LAST HOUSE ON THE LEFT** styled rape climaxing with a knife through the vagina), Pasolini's justifiably infamous **SALO -120 DAYS OF SODOM** (1975), **CANNIBAL HOLOCAUST** (1979), **IN A GLASS CAGE** (1985) and the rotting romance, **NEKROMANTIK** (1988) blast away any erotic atmosphere; each one of these films uses its

sexy Janine Reynaud in Jesus Franco's **Succubus** (aka **Necronomicon**)



sex as a weapon against you. No pornography could be more scathing. The individuals who created these movies edged each controversial scene with blatant misanthropy. In fact, the above productions present their atrocities with the pornographic realism of slaughterhouse footage.

Yet, Jesus Franco could film eroticism (on his own terms) when so inclined. With these films his objective was to arouse a reaction other than revulsion in the audience. **SUCCUBUS** (not to be confused with Jean Brizmee's **DEVIL'S WEDDING NIGHT** (1971), also out under that title is an interesting Franco effort centering around a fantastic femme fatale (played by Janine Reynaud) who represents the sadistic desires of her victims. **SUCCUBUS** (in its altered condition when compared to the original German version) leaves us

questioning whether she is actually a demoness but the point is moot. The movie's psychedelic visuals are so complete that "reality" and "dream" blend ambiguously together. Though the woman's identity remains uncertain, her allure haunts the other characters and the viewer.

The intact German language print of the director's **VAMPIROS LESBOS** (1970) retained all of the sensual antics of Soledad Miranda. The haunting, yet pretty actress, starred as the title temptress, a creature able to walk beneath the sun's rays. Soledad made light of her vampirism by staging shows for the public where, after rolling seductively around female mannequins, she mimed putting the bite on "victims". While the aforementioned Lima Romay projects an on screen persona as pliable and vacuous as one of Ms's Miranda's

dumpees, Soledad delivers a characterization as icy as it is fascinating. Her aloof presence makes the sometimes incoherently plotted **VAMPIROS LESBOS** interesting viewing.

Two other Franco movies from 1970 feature Miranda; **EUGENIE**, where she was cast as a thrill killer who, with her older mentor, first seduced and then picked off innocent citizenry, and **MRS. HYDE**, a thriller which reinterpreted much of Franco's earlier **THE DIABOLICAL DR. Z.** The new version permits Soledad to seek out and slay the doctors who ridiculed the woman's scientist-husband to his death. Both of these films use Soledad's particular charms to lure the male viewers into reluctantly identifying with her. Perhaps this is the unique magic of eroticism—it bonds the audience with even the most amoral figures, permitting each fan to derive pleasure as the darkest wishes are realized. Other genres utilized similar elements to handcuff you to dynamic, if unsavory, personalities. The Giallos of Dario Argento, Mario Bava and others fuse subjective point-of-view camera work, masturbatory weapon fetishes and operatic murders. Victims die more spectacularly than they lived. The blunt thrust of pornography could never achieve this bond, even in skillfully directed films; how many viewers identify with the "protagonists" of **SALO** or **CANNIBAL HOLOCAUST**? Porn is often a realism too ugly to stare at for long.

Franco reached new erotic heights with **THE LOVES OF IRINA** (1973). The porn version of this film (**ENTFESSELTE BEGERDE**) brims with explicit footage not found in the US video release. Lina Romay is perfectly cast as the mute (and increasingly depressed)

Countess Irina Karlstein. The vampiress is bi-sexual (most Franco protagonists believe in equal rights) and during oral sex, drains her willing victims of their lifeforces. The visual storytelling in both versions of this film created a misty dreamlike world, relying on languorous camera-work, soft focus photography and an eerie, sometimes wistful musical score. The "acts" themselves are physically exhausting setpieces as the mounting passion of each one of Irina's lovers culminates in a fatal orgasm. Death becomes a small price to pay for such pleasure. Even though it is as X-rated as **DORIANA GRAY**, **IRINA** is obviously meant to seduce and drain its audience. **THE LOVES OF IRINA** and all of its alternate versions go as far as you can with the concept of vampiric hedonism.

Over the past few decades, Aristide Massaccesi evolved into an Italian version of Jesus Franco. Often credited as Joe D'Amato, he is best known in the US for the heavily gutted **THE GRIM REAPER** (1980), the lamentably complete **BURIED ALIVE** (1979) and the often cursed **ATOR** fantasy series. D'Amato, early on in his career, served as Director of Photography on films such as the late Massimo Dallamano's **WHAT HAVE YOU DONE TO SOLANGE?** The film maker's bread was buttered by dozens of sexploitation and porno opuses. Although D'Amato is more closely allied with run-of-the-mill skinflick directors (ie Andrea Bianchi) than Jesus Franco or the remaining two Eurotrash auteurs covered in this essay, some of his films reveal individual touches.

Editor Craig Ledbetter thoroughly autopsied the restored print of Joe D'Amato's

EMANUELLE IN AMERICA (1976) in ETC Vol.2 #1. This Venezuelan video complements plenty of groping and grinding with hardcore orifice piercing, a hysterically dubbed bestiality setpiece and simulated (but shocking) snuff film footage. With all these scenes left in tact, the movie stands out in all of its gory from numerous **Emanuelle** episodes D'Amato helmed with or without Laura Gemser. The viewer is left with the unenviable task of separating pornography from eroticism throughout **EMANUELLE IN AMERICA**; genuine sex and playful ass-grabbing are stirred together with Pedro the horse's famous handjob and mondo styled women butchery.

Far less disturbing is the XXX screwathon, **LAB BRAINATE/WET LIPS** (1980), unlike the uncut **EMANUELLE IN AMERICA**, this film doesn't even attempt to liven up its carnal couplings with perversity. The film maker wasn't interested in developing an erotic atmosphere throughout the tale of cheating lovers. **LABRA BACINATE** remains a standard example of crotch fixated porn that is virtually indistinguishable from other XXX Eurotrash.

However, D'Amato achieved palatable eroticism with two softer, but extraordinarily perverse films. Nominally a horror movie, **IMMAGINI DI UN CONVENTO** (1979) biographies the possession of nuns by a horny pagan statue. Although this film will offend diehard Catholics, it managed to develop a charged atmosphere lacking in even D'Amato's higher profile **Emanuelle** series. Plus, the incredible grand finale pits an exorcist against the demon as amorous nuns attempt to caress the man's mind out of business. The soundtrack derives its impetus, albeit faintly, from the

Laura Gemser is Emanuelle in America



Tubular Bells themes adorning Friedkin's **THE EXORCIST** (1973). **IMMAGINI DI UN CONVENTO** includes a performance by Donald O'Brien, the same actor who gained horror recognition in this country, with his title role in **DR. BUTCHER M.D.** (1980).

THE ALCOVE (1985) is a study of unmannerly Italians during World War 2. An officer (Al Cliver) returns home from his nation's African conflict with a proud slave woman (the omnipresent Laura Gemser). She immediately interrupts the lesbian affair between the officer's wife and young, pretty secretary, hired to type up the fellow's memoirs. D'Amato stages the bulk of **THE ALCOVE** in and around an "ostentatious"

residence, building up sexual tension with an inordinate amount of coitus interruptus - the characters stumble over one another's affairs before passion can be fully consummated. The simple plot is spiced with a touch of wit, silly racism and a film-within-a-film scenario (Jack of income drives the officer and his wife to stage porn loops within the 'alcove' of the movie's title). To the mix also add Manuel De Sica's wonderfully understated score and the lovely Annie Belle as the demure, blonde secretary.

If Franco and D'Amato often arouse in viewers a sense of outrage, the next set of film makers usually accomplish something more powerful. The stronger work of Jean Rollin and

Walerian Borowczyk dress sexual revelry with an art film polish. Each director has developed his own brand of narrative cinematography to express a fascination with sensuality.

One of France's few consistent horror auteurs, Jean Rollin is best known in North America for the lifeless **ZOMBIE LAKE** (1980). However, his most distinct films are surrealistically lit fairy tales full of warm red lips, enticing malevolence, and ultimately, doomed romance. Rollin has been parcelling these striking visions to the world since the late sixties.

His most outrageous genre piece probably is **PHANTASMES / THE SEDUCTION OF AMY** (1975). Rollin attempted to merge pornography with his usual colorful horror film environment. A maiden falls in love with a sentimental psycho, holding herself and other guests for sadistic fun and games.

The film's uneasy merger of hardcore (XXX) sex with eroticism is reflected in the architecture of the madman's mansion - sperm spurting orgies roll across the modernistic upper levels of the residence while eerie couplings and frightful delights wait in the cavernous tunnels below.

To his credit, Jean Rollin customizes the coitus with gelled lens photography; mists of red drape each couple's throbbing excitement. Lovemaking occurs in coffins and on slabs. The director's movies offer protagonists who are seduced by the improbable but **PHANTASMES** is not as sincere or as concerned with this narrative conceit as his less explicit works. The insertion of humorous Pop songs to the English language version strains its atmosphere even further.

Several of the fellow's other films candycoat their erotic horror more gracefully than **PHANTASMES**, where the fantastic elements were supplied by only one madman. **LES FRISSES DES VAMPIRES** (1970) features newlyweds who walk into the clutches of a vampires and her captive audience of servants. The intense visual sheer exhibited throughout the film is complemented by a sixties styled rock and roll score. **REQUIEM POUR UN VAMPIRE** (1971) clicks into gear when two teenaged girl-thieves scamper into a skeleton adorned castle housing a coven of apprentice vampires and their noble, if weakening master. **LES DEMONIAQUES** (1973) traces the hellish revenge, a pair of women take against their assailants after they bargain with the powers of Darkness for magic. **LEVRES DE SANG** (1975) allows a young man to free his blood-sucking sister and they express love for one another as other vampires taste a nearby city's night life. **FASCINATION** (1979) develops between a fugitive crook and a pair of young women residing in a remote castle. Much too late,



Jean Rollin's *Le Prison Des Vampires*

he discovers that his alluring companions belong to a society of blood swilling aristocrats.

In spite of their lurid touches, all of the films emphasize seduction, not gore. The attraction between victim and assailant usually results in their eventual demise by the climax of a Rollin movie. Ironically, the glorious scenery compositions lavished onto his favored projects only stresses the fantasy inherent in this forbidden love. Excepting **THE LOVES OF IRINA**, few Jesus Franco horror films are delicate enough to render the attraction quite so poetically.

All of the main female characters in a Jean Rollin movie express some mode of sensuality. As much a part of the environment as a photographically lensed forests, towering castles and quiet beaches, each actress is encouraged to dress stylishly (when garbed at all). Girlish companions adorn themselves in clothing that strikingly complements one another's features. Rollin also has the ladies synchronize their movements; the actresses walk, flee, face down danger or playfully hug one another in bodily gestures as graceful as any dance. In **FASCINATION**, the kittenish blonde Brigitte Lahaie lends these movements a lethal quality. Using a scythe, she cuts apart a gang of rogues with the practiced efficiency of a samurai. Her 1980 collaboration with Rollin, **LA NUIT DES TRAQUES**, shares little of the magic of **FASCINATION** and the director's earlier films.

The production credits etched onto the movies of Walerian Borowczyk locate him in and around Jean Rollin's home country. Although not as prolific as the French director, the Pole rarely creates forgettable films. Borowczyk's fully realized

projects are set in the distant past or away from the stifling bustle of modern city life. Narrative paced too swiftly would spoil the hypnotic draw of his cinesexual visuals. The director relies on languorous camerawork to soothe and relax the audience. Placing films in the past, permits Borowczyk to repress sexual tension until it literally explodes from the characters. He allows the quickening narrative (a blur of swiftly edited images, the seductive rustle of swirling gowns) to mimic the exultation of the actress or actor. While Franco and D'Anato rarely take their unique visions beyond exploitation, and Rollin is concerned with only bittersweet fairy tales, Borowczyk routinely grounds his handsomely shot productions in the natural world. Afterward he may let in a key element of the fantastic to trigger the release of sexuality. At their best moments, Borowczyk's movies embody powerful eroticism through both their form and content.

His contribution to the famous Eurotrash series, **EMMANUELLE 5**, is practically devoid of Borowczyk's customary wit and seductive charm. This foreign potboiler recounts the misadventures of a glamorous blonde, portrayed here by Monique Gabrielle (a Fangorian scream queen). However, the fragile beauty of **EMMANUELLE 5** is identical to and as synthetic as a state-of-the-art MTV music video; the woman's frequent sexual tryst and scenery crammed journeys are stirred together beneath an anonymous synthesizer score, dissipating lasting eroticism with a barrage of too much information. Borowczyk's other scenarios measure their bouts of passion to the steadily moving hands of a clock, but **EMMANUELLE 5** is non-linear

to the extreme. The film's freeform structure may be suited for the sophistication of a modern sex opera but it is not tight enough to show off Borowczyk's skills. The attractive Monique is the best reason to sit through this movie.

More typical of the director are the films he has become infamous for - **IMMORAL TALES** and **THE BEAST** (both 1974). See Erik Sulev's rewarding analysis on these movies in ETC Vol2, #2 for further plot summaries. Borowczyk's fetishes and style are pronounced through each episode of **IMMORAL TALES**. The camera glides smoothly around the unclad or diaphanously gowned bodies of every ingenue, teasing viewers with precious glimpses of nudity before darting away. However, the point-of-view unfailingly returns or Borowczyk splices in related environmental images that reflect the performer's ecstasy -- ocean waves caress the shore; the pages of a forbid-

den book crackle delicately as one excited girl thumbs through the text; the seduction of Pope Alexander XI in 1498 by the Borgias is accompanied by religious themes and symbols, intensifying the immorality of the act tenfold. Though it sets out to trash as many taboos as possible, **IMMORAL TALES** is a one of a kind viewing experience. Its companion piece **THE BEAST** aka **DEATH'S ECSTASY** (this version is missing five minutes of nasty footage) is Borowczyk's bastardized take on the legend of *The Beauty and the Beast* constructed as a tale of budding eros and manners. True to form, the film permeates its length with overt and sexual innuendos.

But it was **BLOODLUST**, the import version of his **DR. JEKYLL ET LES FEMMES** (1981) that slammed the obsession with eroticism to its destructive climax. Jekyll (veteran Eurotrash actor Udo Kier) and his fiancee (the alluring Marina Pierro) host a night long party.



A highly controversial scene from Walerian Borowczyk's *Immoral Tales*:
Paloma Picasso is pampered by her servants as she bathes in shit

Between involved discussions about 'transcendental medicine' and liberating dark primal urges, the esteemed doctor samples his liquid creation. Altered ego Mr. Hyde springs forth to rampage among the rapidly dying guests (who seem caught up in their own madness). The frenzied climax has both Jekyll and his fiancee using the drug. After butchering a few loose ends, the transformed lovers carriage away from the tomblike mansion where they find comfort in one another's gory embrace.

Of particular significance is the means by which Jekyll and Miss Osbourne unleash their sexual fury. They bathe in a womb-like tub of the fluid whereupon both Victorians are reborn as creatures so uncontrollably erotic that even mass murder can't satiate their drives. The twisted desire powering the most haunting work of Jesus Franco, Jean Rollin and to a lesser extent, Joe D'Anato may very well have culminated with **BLOODLUST**. Borowczyk opened the door into the soul long enough for this dark passion to enter our flimsy world. Free of human constraint, the full force of sexuality was given the opportunity to express itself with a bloody eloquence. The film's disturbing content is complemented by Bernard Parmegiani's weird soundtrack that transforms **BLOODLUST** into the cinematic equivalent of a fever dream.

No analysis will be able to fully define pornography and eroticism. The terms are too transient in meaning. Individual tastes, not concrete definitions, will always dictate how fans perceive sexuality in the movies. Their judgement shall continue to fuel the debate between these two subjects.

Dedicated to Rob Regalbuto and Craig Leibetter, without whom this essay would have lacked much substance

THE WATCHDOG BARKS

BITES

a telescopic look at **MONSTER DOG** (1986)
directed by Clyde Anderson (Claudio Fragasso)

I

HAVE NEVER FOUND anyone else who likes **Monster Dog**. They hate it, I love it! That's about as far apart as you can get. Why am I obsessed with it? For a time I thought the director's pseudonym, Clyde Anderson, might be Carlos Aured, A Spanish director responsible for some of Paul Naschy's better films. Aured was listed as the producer and so like many EuroTrash fans, working in a limited informational environment (aka the US), I made that leap of faith. I now know that **MONSTER DOG** was directed by Claudio Fragasso, who was responsible for the worst Fucking film I have ever seen, **TROLL 2** (Fragasso uses the name Drako Floyd for this turd floater).

This is the type of information my detractors (who are becoming more vocal all the time) can definitely use against me. So, upon learning the above I ought to be smart, go back into my closet and never mention this film again. FUCK THAT NOISE! **MONSTER DOG** is a brilliant horror film and I don't care who knows it. This type of confession is better than therapy.

All of these emotions have resurfaced after viewing the uncut Venezuelan (ETC lovers are singularly responsible for putting this country on the map in recent years) version. It runs 88 minutes compared to the butchered (by 5 minutes) TWE release here in the US. I firmly believe that it was just this type of senseless gutting of Euro-Trash Classics that led to the destruction of TWE. Well, I can dream can't I? Anyway, I'm convinced that had Fandom been allowed to view the complete version, Alice Cooper (the film's star) would be on the tips of everyone's tongue (no doubt intermixed with a wad of spit, but that's not important) as THE macho star of the eighties.

The film opens with a mock-rock video starring Cooper impersonating Dirty Harry, James Bond and other tough guys. It's my wildest dream come true! A rock video

directed by an Italian exploitation hack. What a collector's item. It is truly the best thing (musically) Cooper's ever performed in. Even better is the fact that, true to the by laws of ETC-type productions, Cooper is dubbed by someone who sounds like his cajones drag the floor. No more nasally whine emanating from those pursed lips!! Only Alice Cooper could benefit from such strict parameters.

Let's not forget the fact that, true to its ETC-roots, we get the benefit of seeing Alice interact with such greats of the Italo-Spanish exploitation scene as Ricardo Palacio (veteran bulk used by Jesus Franco) and Charly Bravo (who truly looks like he stepped off the set of one of the many Spaghetti Westerns he starred in back in the sixties).

I know, I know, you're dying to find out about all the gore and nudity that are in the uncut version of **MONSTER DOG** compared to the gelded US release. Well, let me tell you. The uncut version contains something ten times better than blood or breasts. DIALOGUE!! Tons of it. Hell, there are lots of extra dialogue scenes and they add absolutely nothing to the overall plot. Plus, there are scenes that appear in both versions but different dialogue is used depending on which one you're watching. For example: (I won't bore you with such unwanted preliminaries as where this scene occurs or who is talking.)

VERSION #1(cut)- "Now he will take my place. His blood is like mine and his blood is as tainted as mine."

VERSION #2(uncut)- "I tell you now. He will take my place. And my blood is like that of his accursed father who passed it on to me."

If that doesn't give my previous commentary credibility, you must be deaf. I could quote reams of this stuff but Hell, this ain't Video Watchdog®. Thanks to videotape, this type of research has begun to take on more importance. Rest assured, your Anal editor here at ETC will NOT be a part of it!

***** reviewed by CRAIG LEDBETTER

Dr. MABUSE

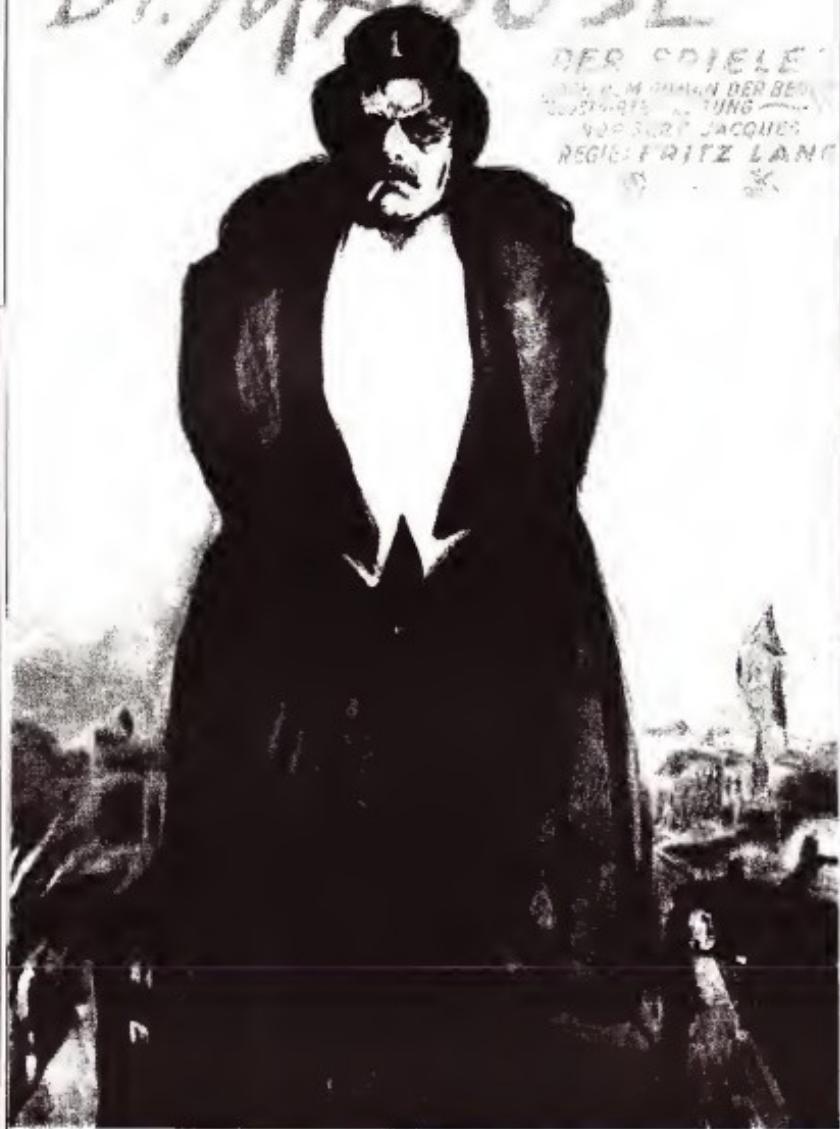
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VON RUDI JACQUES

REGIE: F. LANGE



THE TESTAMENT OF FRITZ LANG: CLAUDE CHABROL'S DR. M

by Douglas E. Winter

"It wasn't I...it was Mabuse!" Thus ended *DIE TODESSTRÄHLEN DES DR. MABUSE* ("The Secret of Dr. Mabuse"/"The Death Ray Mirror of Dr. Mabuse") (1964), and with it, a reign of motion picture terror that had lasted for more than forty years. Dr. Mabuse, the chameleon-like incarnation of Nietzsche's will to power, was the maddest of mad doctors, a twisted criminal genius who gambled with lives and souls in a relentless quest for world domination.

An obvious inspiration for Thomas Harris's Hannibal Lecter, Mabuse was born in the pages of Norbert Jacques's turn-of-the-century novel *Dr. Mabuse der Spieler* ("Dr. Mabuse the Gambler") (1922), and then in a hauntingly suspenseful sound sequel, *DAS TESTAMENT VON DR. MABUSE* ("The Testament of Dr. Mabuse"/"The Last will of Dr. Mabuse"/"Crimes of Dr. Mabuse") (1932-33), which Nazi officials found so telling that it was promptly banned "on account of its cruel and depraved content." Soon afterward, Lang was invited to meet with Joseph Goebbels at the Ministry of Propaganda, where he was offered control of the Fatherland's "new" cinema. That very evening, Lang departed for France; he would soon emigrate to the United States, where he created such masterpieces as *FURY* (1936), *YOU ONLY LIVE ONCE* (1937), *MINISTRY OF FEAR* (1943), *RANCHO NOTORIOUS* (1951) and *THE BIG HEAT* (1953). He would not return to Germany for nearly thirty years, when, for what proved his final film, he chose to continue the exploits of the Doktor in *DIE TAUSEND AUGEN DES DR. MABUSE* ("The Thousand Eyes of Dr. Mabuse"/"Il Diabolico: Dr. Mabuse"/"Le Diabolique: Docteur Mabuse"/"Eye of Evil"/"The Shadow vs. The Thousand Eyes of Dr. Mabuse") (1960).

Because of the Nazi seizure of its prints, American audiences did not view *DAS TESTAMENT VON DR. MABUSE* until 1943, when editing of the simultaneously filmed French version, *LE TESTAMENT DU DR. MABUSE*, was completed by Luther Wolff. At its New York premier, Lang announced: "This film is meant to show Hitler's terror methods as in

parable. The slogans and beliefs of the Third Reich were placed in the mouths of criminals. By these means I hoped to expose those doctrines behind which there lurked the intention to destroy everything a people holds dear." Rudolf Klein-Rogge, utterly hypnotic in the original *DR. MABUSE DER SPIELER*, reprised his role as the Doktor, ruling a criminal empire by sheer willpower from his cell in an insane asylum.

When Lang again embraced Mabuse in 1960, the world order had changed, but human nature had not. Using actual Nazi blueprints for surveillance of a hotel as its mainspring, *DIE TAUSEND AUGEN DES DR. MABUSE* proved a cautionary thriller steeped in panic and paranoia, in which the spirit of Mabuse joins the post-war poker game of nationalism, industry, espionage and nuclear power. A precursor of the hugely successful James Bond films, *DIE TAUSEND AUGEN DES DR. MABUSE* spawned no less than five sequels of its own, all produced by Arthur Brauer, written by Ladislao Fodor and performed by a rotating ensemble of character actors that included Gert Frobe, Lex Barker,

Werner Peters, Howard Vernon, Peter Van Eyck, Rudolf Nilsen and the magnificent Wolfgang Preiss, whose waxen cipher of a face — sometimes appearing for mere seconds in a given film — will forever be identified by this generation as that of Mabuse.

The sequels were a hodgepodge of mystery, suspense, horror, gadgety science fiction and, in time, Ian Fleming-style spycraft. The early installments shared much in common with the Edgar Wallace "adaptations" produced in Britain, Germany and Italy during the same period, while the later films echoed and finally bought into the growing Sixties' intrigue with secret agents. Watching the series in sequence, one may witness the slow disintegration of Lang's menacing, fatalistic night-world into the sunny, optimistic pseudo-science and pseudo-politics of the James Bond era.

It is not surprising that Gert Frobe, the troubled police investigator of *DIE TAUSEND AUGEN DES DR. MABUSE* and its early sequels, should soon find himself cast as the super villain in *GOLDFINGER* (1964). IM STAHLNETZ DES DR. MABUSE ("The Return of Dr.



French ad mar

Mabuse') (1961), directed by Harald Reinl, was the best of the series, a virtual remake of Lang's *DAS TESTAMENT VON DR. MABUSE* that used a German prison rather than an asylum as the site of the Doktor's scheming. *DIE UNSICHTBAREN KRALLEN DES DR. MABUSE* ('The Invisible Dr. Mabuse') ('The Invisible Horror') (1961), also directed by Reinl, effectively wove threads of *THE INVISIBLE MAN* and *THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA* into the Mabuse tapestry, while Werner Klemke's *DAS TESTAMENT DES DR. MABUSE* ('The Testament of Dr. Mabuse') ('The Terror of Dr. Mabuse') ('The Terror of the Mad Doctor') (1962), returned to the asylum and capably embraced the rhetoric, if not the bleak paranoia, of Lang's work.

DIE SCHARLACHROTE DASCHUNKE/SCOTLAND YARD JAGT DOKTOR MABUSE ('Scotland Yard vs Dr. Mabuse') (1963), directed by Paul May, marked the series' downturn, taking the action cosmopolitan in an effort to match the burgeoning success of *DR. NO* (1962) and *FROM RUSSIA WITH LOVE* (1963). Peter Van Eyck, the romantic lead in Lang's *DIE TAUSEND AUGEN DES DR. MABUSE*, was tapped to play a British Secret Service operative on the trail of the Doktor. Werner Peters assumed Frobe's role, while Klaus Kinski skulked in and out of scenes as a chain-smoking Scotland Yard detective. Despite this promising cast, *SCOTLAND YARD JAGT DOKTOR MABUSE* is one of those films that must be seen to be believed, as Mabuse hijacks a mind-control device in a bid to conquer England, setting up his own pretender to the throne — Princess Diana!

By the following year, and *DIE TODESSTRÄHLEN DES DR. MABUSE*, the series had fallen victim to Bondmania, with Van Eyck playing the smooth secret agent to the exotic charms of a bevy of Euro beauties. Directed by Hugo Fregonese, it is the worst of the lot, wretchedly cast, and arbitrarily and confusingly plotted. Van Eyck looks weary in a pale Connery impression, and proves both inept as a spy and unbelievable as a paramour. Only the presence of Leo Genn and the redoubtable Wolfgang Preiss redeems the *Eros*-Fleming atmospheres.

Then Mabuse was gone...but not forgotten: He would be resurrected in, of all places, an episode of the American television series *Green*

Hornet (1966) and then in a tepid Jesus Franco quickie, *LA VENGANZA DEL DOCTOR MABUSE* ('El Dr. Mabuse') ('Der Doktor Mabuse') ('Vengeance of Dr. Mabuse') (1971). Nearly fifteen years would pass before the Doktor's relentless spirit would again be invoked — and at last redeemed from his descent into schlock — in the music of the German rock band, Propaganda, whose album *A Secret Wish* (1985) included the paean 'Dr. Mabuse': 'The man without shadow/Promises you the world.' The album notes remind us: 'the greater an individual's power over others, the greater the evil that might possibly originate with him.'

Then, in 1989, French director, Claude Chabrol set out to create a motion picture homage to Fritz Lang and his master criminal: *DR. M* (retitled by its American distributor, with condescending inevitability, as 'Club Extinction'). Chabrol, a longtime admirer of Lang, had attempted, without success, to persuade the master to make one last motion picture in the mid-1960s. He is best known for his film expositions of minor crimes among the provincial French bourgeoisie, including *LA FEMME INFIDELE* (1966), *LE BOUCHER* (1969), *JUSTE AVANT LA NUIT* (1971) and, more recently, *BEATRICE* (1987) and *UNE AFFAIRE DE FEMMES* (1988). A critic and philosopher as well as film-maker, Chabrol is perhaps the foremost contemporary practitioner of the Lang aesthetic, creating portentous, melodramatic thrillers with self-conscious style. With *DR. M* he has certainly created a loving tribute, if not an entirely successful motion picture. 'Berliners: Face the coming day with a smile!'

As talk-show host Egon Veidt (Peter Fitz) welcomes Berlin to a new morning, its citizens waken to the omnipresent glow of television: in kitchens and living rooms, in trucks and train stations, in subways and on street corners, everywhere there is a shimmering screen, and Veidt...and, in time, the lovely 'Theratos Girl' (Jennifer Beissel), spokes-model for the Theratos travel club, who beckons to her viewers in a placid, hypnotic monotone, the song of a siren: 'So much to do...So much to do...So much to do, to do. When can you find the time? Call Theratos. The time of your life...call Theratos. Take your time...call Theratos...call Theratos. Escape...escape to a better

life...Theratos. Time to go...time to go...time to go...'

And indeed, for some, it is time to go, for *Selbstmord* is suddenly the vogue: one of Veidt's fellow broadcasters swallows a fistful of pills and sets his penthouse afame; a woman throws herself before a train; and a truck driver crashes his payload of toxic fuel at the Berlin Wall, taking hundreds of bystanders with him.

At the scene of this disaster, Police Commissioner Kessler (played in ironic cameo by Wolfgang Preiss) declines to comment on the cause. But Lieutenant Klaus Hartmann (Jan Niklas), a perpetually unshaven and roostered-looking cop whose own wife has taken her life, knows better: He is not simply convinced of the fact of suicide, like his predecessors in the pursuit of Mabuse, he is obsessed with the thought of conspiracy, of an unseen power lurking somewhere behind the sudden onslaught of violence. 'There is no use creating a general panic,' he is told. 'No.' Hartmann replies. 'Not when it's being done for us.'

Machet is indeed afoot — and someone, somewhere, watches from the shadows with more than a little interest: the video screens before him are alight, and one of his operatives — Police Captain Engler (Alexander Randszur) — reports in from the scene: 'You can smell the fear of suicide.' Berlin is under siege by a threat that its leaders cannot comprehend: the highest suicide rate in Europe. As one character note, 'the most crowded neighborhood in West Berlin is the morgue.'

'It's like God's playing Russian roulette...anyone could be next.' It is not God, but the man who would be God: Dr. Mansfeldt (Alan Bates), owner of the entertainment conglomerate Mater Media. Mansfeldt joins a high-level meeting of politicians and police with the news that Berliners seem suddenly anxious to go on vacation: the office of the holiday club Theratos is in chaos, jammed with customers demanding tickets abroad. 'If it's a conspiracy,' Mansfeldt jokes, 'perhaps we should be investigating all the vacation clubs and travel agents.'

But Mansfeldt is right: Mater Media not only broadcasts the hypnotic advertisements for Theratos, but owns the club — and the 'Theratos Girl,' Sonja Vogler. She is a national icon, the celebrity of the moment, her image and voice echoing constantly at



Peter van Eyck
Selma Bittmann
Eduard Borsche
Werner Peters
Agnes Wadick

Klaus Kinski
Hans Niemeyer
Wolfgang Lukschy
Albrecht Schatz
Wolfram

every commercial break in the broadcast schedule. "Time to go...Time to go..." And Beissel is perfect for the role — a robotic actress at best, her film debut in *FLASHDANCE* was entirely one of image, her talent a creature of deception and manipulation.

Hartmann and his partner, Sergeant Stieglitz (Benoit Regent) investigate the apparent suicides and find awkward proof of conspiracy: all of the dead have visited Theratos, and all of them possess images — sketches, photos, magazine illustrations — of Sonja. Hartmann confronts her and learns that she has been receiving like images in the mail, the eyes blackened out or covered with skulls — sent by suicides in the moments before they died. "What are you to these people?" he asks. "The angel of death?"

From Dr. Marsfeldt's first appearance, it is apparent that he is the heir apparent to Mabuse's throne. "He's not to be trusted...no one that powerful." His headquarters is neither an asylum nor a prison, but the rock-and-roll club *Der Tod* ("Death"), where

black-clad punks dance to the sullen thrash of metal of Mekong Delta beneath blossom-like film projections of nuclear destruction. "There's something stimulating about the youth of today," Marsfeldt explains. "The way they throw their lives away." Then he retires to his chambers within, plugging his mechanical heart into a batch of video monitors, on whose violent images it seems to thrive.

Like Mabuse, Marsfeldt is a gambler; he looks down godlike, through one-way mirrors, onto a huge roulette wheel spinning at the heart of his hideaway: "Admirable, aren't they, the way they throw themselves on the mercy of luck?" He has no time for chance. "And yet we don't like to think of our lives as random, either. There is a purpose. And that purpose is to believe as though we can escape our fate." The Doktor, who knows better, signals for the next turn of the wheel, which he, of course, has rigged.

Unfortunately, Bates is less than ominous in the Doktor's role, and seems uncertain whether his gestures

should be calculated, comic or crazed. He succeeds in overplaying most every scene; his Marsfeldt is for the most part a smirking buffoon, his machinations more the antics of a petty dictator than those of a criminal genius. His best moments are ones of calm and contemplation, and a final soliloquy.

In time Hartmann learns that Sonja is an orphan, and Marsfeldt her guardian. "I want my face back," she demands of the Doktor, shaken by the relentless flow of suicide notes; but she belongs to him, to Theratos, to Berlin. "We're drawn to only two things in life, my dear...beauty and death." And in Sonja, Dr. M has found both.

Captain Engler, convinced that Sonja's treachery is inevitable, wants to kill her. He defies the Doktor and solicits a nervous and giggly assassin, played by ornithophile best-packer Andrew McCarthy, who manages about sixty seconds of convincingly coke-addled screen-time. Instructed to terminate Sonja — "a suicide, of course" — he tails her down an alley and makes his move, only to be shot dead by Hartmann.

"Drift off...escape...let yourself go..." Meanwhile, Hartmann's partner, Stieglitz, leaps to his death — or was he pushed? Engler slips a suicide note into his hand, but Hartmann doubts its authenticity: "These are not spontaneous acts...they are linked somehow."

Commissioner Kessler is persuaded of nothing but Hartmann's obsessiveness, and relieves him of his duties. When Hartmann at last finds solace in the arms of Sonja, flesh fans may take note: for a French director — and thus the pursuit of Art — Beissel does not use a body double. As Hartmann and Sonja make love, the Doktor entertains himself with videos of war and desolation, atrocities and nuclear clouds, to calm and stabilize his mechanical heart. "Death and beauty," he rhapsodizes. "They are our only true refuges in life, our only perfections."

Sonja talks Marsfeldt into allowing her to vacation at Theratos, and she and Hartmann pursue their own investigation there. Theratos proves a peculiar heaven, a landscape of sun and sand where visitors are stripped of their worldly possessions and pursue a new age of contentment without any desire but for escape into a kind of cerebral nothingness. "In Berlin everyone's taking swan dives and here they want to float in the

light." A white, bearded, albino Marsfeldt pursues his flock like a mad guru, overseeing ritual mock-suicides for his assembled acolytes while brainwashing Sonja into submission. Hartmann manages to escape with her, just as the Doktor's master-plan reaches its grand finale.

Berlin's favorite morning talk-show host, Veidt, will make a special prime-time broadcast on all channels, courtesy of Mater Media. It is indeed special, as Engler reports to Dr. M: "You will find that we have a sudden drop in his ratings tonight...but the census bureau's job will be considerably simplified." As Veidt takes to the air, all of the city prepares for suicide: the rope, the gun, the needle, the blade...

Hartmann and Sonja rush to the studio, overcome Engler and Veidt, and supplant Dr. M-TV with a new message from Sonja, one of love and hope and ransom: "It is time to come home...no more escape, no more death, no more extinction... Come home...come home."

With the suicide of a city averted, there is nothing left for our heroes but

to confront Dr. Marsfeldt. And here is Bates's finest moment, an endearing nihilistic rant that at last gives his character life, even as he dies: "Did I cheat anybody? Did I send them anywhere they didn't already want to go? No....I'm a travel agent, nothing more. I sold the ticket they were born to buy....The trouble with life, you see, is that it's got to be lived. And they lived it and they lived it until all they wanted to do was, as we say, get away from it all. They longed to die...to put a do-not-disturb notice on their doors forever. We all do. It makes us human..."

As he breathes his last, Marsfeldt's voice speaks on, an epitaph and reminder that the spirit of Mabuse shall never die: "Neither culprit nor victim, the quick or the dead...Neither time nor eternity...I am the wall, the desire for peace, for silence, for rest. I am nothingness. I leave you...nothing."

Moments like these are sublime film-making, worthy echoes of Fritz Lang and yet powerful in their own right; but Chabrol's compelling opening and closing acts are insufficient to hold

DR. M together. Although Chabrol stages several striking set-pieces, and his flamboyant violence surpasses the genre's expectations, the indifferent acting and flawed plot -- particularly the mood-breaking and unnecessary side trip to Theratos -- prove nearly irredeemable. (DR. M also suffers from poor political foresight -- its "near future" boasts a divided Berlin and thus proves dated and awkward less than two years after its release.)

Despite its faults, DR. M is a good film, a cut above the generic thrillers produced by Hollywood, and certainly worthy of -- and for -- the memory of Fritz Lang. Its genuinely important theme -- television as the new Mabuse, a hypnotist that deprives its audience of will, offering only the hollow dream of escape -- is one that we, lost in our reverie of the shining screen, seem too ready to acknowledge and then forget, turning to the next channel, and then the next and the next. "It wasn't I..." Oh no, for we are never the ones who are responsible....

"It was Mabuse."

"IN MEMORY OF KLAUS KINSKI"

MABUSE ATTAQUE SCOTLAND YARD

d'après le roman de
BRYAN EDGAR WALLACE



INTERVIEW WITH

HOWARD VERNON

CONDUCTED BY

PETER BLUMENSTOCK, LUCAS BALBO,
CHRISTIAN KESSLER AND MICHAEL NABENBORG

You started your acting career in the 30's at the biggest theater in Zurich. Can you tell me something about this?

Yes, sure. Actually, my entire acting-school experience was at this theater, "Schauspielhaus", in Zurich. As you may know, I was born in Zurich but raised in New York. I returned to Europe to work in several variety shows in Paris and then went back to Switzerland due to the war. It is quite a funny thing. Many people ask me in a very ironic sense, if I spoke at that time Shakespeare and Goethe in the Swiss-German language. I mean, during that period, the years 1933 until 1945, the best theater in the whole world was in Zurich and the best actors such as Max Reinhardt for example were working there.

All the actors who were anti-fascist, Jewish or politically left-winged went to Zurich to work. Some of them also moved to Vienna but unfortunately ugly Adolf also invaded Austria, so the only way for those actors to work in their mother-language, in a free country was to go to Switzerland. A very rich businessman financed this theater so it could survive this hard time and it really was an incredible theater. Such a thing will never exist again, believe me!

It is said you are not very fond of acting schools as they exist today. Is this true?

Oh yes, "Lee Strasberg Actors Studio" and such crap. Well, they make good money so I think for the people who are running these studios it is quite a nice thing, but it is nonsense. Many people say guys like Dustin Hoffman or Marlon Brando have attended those schools. I can only say if Marlon Brando would have learned from his milk-man, he would have also become the great actor he was...well, he still is but he is quite fat now (laughs). You just have to have that special thing that makes a brilliant actor and no Lee Strasberg or any other person in the world is able to create a new Brando, if there is no potential inside this person. I think they are just pushing all the Hollywood-crap too high.

The whole movie industry goes at the very moment in a direction I absolutely hate. All the actors involved today in films are nice looking but empty inside; glamour puppets who are pushed by the companies to promote nice looking but empty, crappy movies. Believe me, among all of them there will never be actors such as Bette Davis or Greta Garbo. They all had class, style or charisma. But I am saddened because this seems to be a fact in everything today.

For example, the "eating" culture here in France...I've lived in Paris for 50 years and 20

years ago no one even dreamed about fast food restaurants in Paris. Today you can eat that stuff on every corner. The entire lifestyle today has become like fast food. Unfortunately it is the same with movies.

Certainly there are still some very good pictures around but all the stuff that is big budget, mainstream today is nothing more than crap. I think there are no more good scripts around today. The cinema has lost its ability to be poetic and to tell stories. Only the technical level is important with lots of useless FX, machines, explosions, ala Spielberg and all that nonsense.

You were a still-photographer on some Jess Franco movies, weren't you?

Oh yes, I did that job for many of Jesus Franco's movies. Unfortunately, I really can't remember all the titles anymore {ED. NOTE- Look for the name *Mario Lippert* in the credits}. A Franco picture was always a mass spectacle and an intellectual chaos (laughs). I know I worked as a photographer and certainly as an actor for *GRITOS EN LA NOCHE* (THE AWFUL DR. ORLOFF), which was Jess' first and in my opinion, best Dr. Orloff film. It is maybe his best film together with the almost surrealistic *NECRONOMICON*

the Howard Vernon Interview continues...



Bom Franco's Young Virgin Report

(SUCCUBUS), in which I played and also did the photos. **NECRONOMICON** is an incredible picture and I really love it.

Fritz Lang, who became a very close friend of mine after I worked on his Dr Mabuse picture, told me he saw in a newspaper an advertisement for a new film with me. He was talking about **NECRONOMICON**, and he went there to see it. He told me after a few minutes of running time that he was shocked, as he realized this was a sex movie and you have to know that Lang absolutely hated sex movies. However, he advised me to tell the director, Franco, he did not only watch the film but also enjoyed this wonderful fantastic movie very, very much as the naked skin in this film was not presented like a travel through a slaughterhouse; but it really appeared erotic and made sense. Certainly when I told Jess this story he was speechless (laughs).

Getting back to the photography, I can remember one time Jess called me from Spain. He said he would be shooting a new picture very soon but there wasn't an interesting or suitable role for me. Also, it would cost too much to fly from Paris to the

Spanish set only for a guest appearance so he offered me the photos.

I said yes, but only if he accepted two points. 1st, to be credited as a still photographer; 2nd, to shoot what I wanted. He accepted two points. First, to be credited as a still photographer; second, to photograph what I wanted. He accepted and I went to Spain. Quarrels were quite amusing during shooting because I always refused to photograph what Jess wanted. Jess always yelled with his funny voice "photo" when he wanted me to shoot a picture. During a scene when a beautiful girl was walking down a staircase, Jess yelled, "photo." I said, "No, no photo; this is nonsense. A girl walking downstairs is boring and uninteresting. It's okay if there is a guy standing somewhere in the dark with a gun or a knife. That would be a good photo but a girl walking down a staircase...no photo, Jess."

While at dinner later, Jess' first wife, Nicole, asked if the new still-photographer was good and Jess joked around that he preferred to send that incompetent clown back to Paris (laughs).

How did you and Franco get together?

He came to Paris and we met in his hotel to discuss the film **GRITOS EN LA NOCHE** and our contract. Later on, we ate with the French Co-producer, giving me the chance to speak

with Jess and discuss many things. That is how we became friends.

What do you think about Franco as a person and as a director?

Franco is an impossible person! As mentioned before, we both are very, very good friends; the best. I really love this guy but he is impossible. You can't even imagine how talented he is. He knows everything about cinema, movie making and camera work. He was also assistant to Orson Welles for **FALSTAFF**. Welles saw at that time Franco's first film **TENEMOS 18 ANOS** and just because of the talent Welles saw in this little film, Franco was hired to shoot all the battle scenes for **FALSTAFF**.

Franco is also exceptionally talented in telling stories. He knows a long, long time before shooting exactly what he wants on the screen later on. He is also a very funny and eccentric person. I can remember we were shooting a film in Madrid in the early 60's. At that time Madrid was not the way it is today. There were only a small number of cars, so each morning, the director of photography, who was one of the few people who owned a car picked me up from my hotel and Jess from his apartment. Each day we had to drive 70 kilometers to pick up Jess, who was living in a little village close to Madrid. After one week, it was the last day of shooting, we were waiting in front of his house but there was no Jess Franco. At that time he was still living with his parents so we went up and rang the door bell. His mother opened and said "Oh Jesus, he is still sleeping. He worked all night long on a

new script." We went in immediately and there he was...sleeping and snoring. He opened his eyes and said, "Oh Howard, how nice of you to visit me but what are you doing in Madrid?" We answered, "Jess, in case you don't remember, we are doing a movie at the very moment and guess who is the director." Later on, he told me he was planning a new movie so he really forgot the other one. Incredible, isn't it?

Also, Jess loves to be a bit bigger than he actually is. Very often while co-producing his own movies, he told the main-producer to give him some money because he wanted to bring in some cheap Spanish actor and camera crew for the production; but he sometimes forgot to pay those guys (laughs). That's one reason

why it is almost impossible for him to shoot in Spain again as there are still many, many people around who are angry with him because of money problems.

As I said before, he is an impossible person but at the sametime very culturally minded and intelligent. He knows so much about painting, music and also about his country. It was the most interesting time of my life working with Jess and I won't miss one minute of it as it was always very chaotic.

Unfortunately, I haven't seen him in two years. Nobody knows where he is at the moment. I heard he was doing movies in Spain again.

I heard he went back to Spain after a big quarrel with Eurocine.

Yes, and that was the best thing he could do. Eurocine is a big piece of shit, nothing more. Those guys only do the cheapest way and on the lowest level, in terms of quality.

I think the last time you worked with Franco was on LES PREDATEURS DE LA NUIT (FACELESS) for Rene Chateau.

Yes, I drove him to a restaurant where Chris Mitchum was waiting for him. Till that time I haven't heard from him. That doesn't mean he does not like me anymore but that is his style.

Also, I think he is a little bit ashamed of all the incredible crap he shot for the Eurocine Company. He knows quite well I hate those guys, well..hate might be the wrong word but I



despise them and that is even worse (laughs).

I can remember another funny story about Jess and his money problems. One time the camera crew confiscated the already finished takes in order to press some money out of poor Jess. He was in big trouble because he had already invested the money in another film. Isn't that wonderful (laughs loud).

Shooting with Jesus has always been an adventure and I'm sorry for the ultra-professional productions today where everything is planned. Whoever works with Jess can tell the wildest stories and I'm sure every Hollywood producer would lose his hair over those stories.

Very often Franco realized on the last day of shooting, the film was too short and so would shoot "fill-sequences" of cars driving down lonely streets for no special reason, or guys going down a street for ten minutes just to push the film to 80 minutes.

It is also said he wrote some of his scripts during shooting.

Yes, that is also true. I was lucky because I was able to learn quite quickly and easily but some actors had trouble with this.

I can remember one day he called me and asked if I would be free in two weeks. I said, "No, I am sorry. I can only come in three weeks." He replied, "Okay, no problem. We will start in three weeks then. I will send you the script within the next few days." Whenever he said this phrase I usually replied, "Oh Jess, you can't send something that doesn't exists (laughs)."

One time he wrote a complete script during dinner with me and his wife. He suddenly had the

idea about an airport...a guy is waiting there for someone when suddenly he falls down; his suitcase opens up and money falls out. After the dinner he had three pages and that was the complete script for Jess. You won't believe it but we made that film six months later with exactly that script (laughs). During the meal we were all laughing and joking around but I knew he was very serious when he said this will be the script for his next picture.

Making movies is Franco's passion, he lives for this and I am very sure he would also die for it. Day in and day out he is thinking about new projects, camera-movements and all that stuff. He also shot some of his films with completely free improvisational dialogue. On some productions he lost the sound-takes. That was also no big problem for him. During the editing he looked at the lip movements of the actors and was able to identify the correct cutting moments just by doing that. He was editing the whole movie this way and it really worked perfectly. Unbelievable I know, but that is the genius, Franco.

In some filmographies you are listed as some sort of "dialogue writer" for some of Franco's movies. In this true?

No, I never wrote anything for Jesus. At least not officially. Certainly when we were eating and he was once again writing down something everybody gave some interesting ideas but in a really professional sense I did not.

Usually he called and ordered me to come to Madrid within the next two days. He always said, "If you want I can tell you the story so if you don't like it you can refuse to do the film." I

always answered, "Oh Jess, I'll just come and do whatever you want me to." We had such a great time together. It is a wonderful job for an actor to work that way. You learn to be quick and flexible. But Franco was not only a chaotic artist, he was also a very good person who knew a lot about the people he was working with.

In one film I was to play the boss of a Brazilian bandit group who stole a large amount of money and was escaping from the police. I was wearing a wonderful, ugly, white suit, polished shoes, a little beard and my hair was colored black. I really looked dangerous, believe me (laughs). After the first take, Jess came to me and said, "Well Howard, this is not exactly the way a Brazilian bandit speaks and behaves, you remind me much more of an English gentleman." I was angry, very angry. This never happened to me before. I was cast for a role and the director told me I was the wrong guy for it. I told Jess I wanted to leave the set immediately and also wanted to pay my returning flight ticket by myself. Jess advised me to stay and translate, along with him, my dialogue, which was written in the script in English, into Spanish. So I learned my dialogue in Spanish and believe it or not, it worked. When I saw both scenes, one in English and one in Spanish, I really could see the difference and Jess was right. English is my mother-language and I was so much into my speaking rhythm that I was unable to portray a really ugly South American bandit. In Spanish I was a really evil guy from Rio, a completely different person. Certainly if I had the chance and time to try that scene more often in English I

am sure it would have worked too, but we had no time and money to do so. Franco saved me on this film. For me, this is the way a director should be. He knows about his actors and what is wrong in case a scene isn't working the way the director wants.

You also starred in Paul Naschy's *EL AULLIDO DEL DIABLO* (HOWL OF THE DEVIL). What can you tell me about this film?

Well, as far as I know the film has never been released in Spanish cinemas due to some copyright problem that occurred because Naschy stole the story from somebody else, but I don't know that for sure.

It was a very funny time for me. Naschy wanted to shoot the whole picture in English, but he doesn't speak a word of it, so whenever he had to say

something he was mumbling a mix of Spanish, German and other stuff that I couldn't identify (laughs). Caroline Munro also played in it. She is a very nice, charming girl.

It is sad the film remains unreleased as I think it is a nice, little, naive, horror movie, not to mention all the money they wasted. The film was also quite bloody with many FX but also very funny with all those old movie monsters such as Frankenstein, the Hunchback of Notre Dame and certainly the Werewolf.

I think Naschy is quite famous as a werewolf in Spain, isn't he (laughs). One thing from *EL AULLIDO* was incredibly funny. I had to bring a nice girl, who was playing a hitchhiker, to Naschy's house so he could kill her. She was a German girl and unable to speak Spanish so she was a little bit lost among all those Spanish people on the set. I speak German and so we had a nice conversation. I asked her what she was doing in Spain and if she was a tourist.



"Who's the boss?" Howard reminds Fernando Sancho in *Orient Y El Hombre Invisible* (The Invisible Dead)

She said she was living in Madrid and very often did some work as an extra in movies, but usually she did what she played in *EL AULLIDO*. So I asked her if she gets her money by hitchhiking. She said certainly not, she was working as a prostitute and that was also the reason why Naschy took her for that role (laughs). I really had to laugh and we had a nice chat.

What do you think about Naschy as a director?

Jess Franco is an artist who does exploitation pictures to survive and because he is a fanatic, Naschy is a film maker who does his work but is not really an artist or anything like that. If Franco really tries, he is a genius and the film will be brilliant. Naschy is a solid technician but he is not as talented as Franco.

I can remember a critic once said even in Franco's cheapest, ugliest and worst pictures there are one or two scenes that are amazing and he was so right, wasn't he?

You also worked with Pierre Chevalier on *ORLOFF Y EL HOMBRE INVISIBLE*(*THE INVISIBLE DEAD*).

Oh, yes. The usual Eurocine crap. Some people often say Chevalier is another of Franco's many, many pseudonyms but that is not true. Chevalier is nothing more than a very, very bad French director who usually made cheap sex movies. The ones that Fritz Lang loved to hate (laughs loud).

You also starred in *IM SCHLOSS DER BLUTIGEN BEGIERDE* (*THE CASTLE OF THE CREEPING FLESH*).

Yes, this was a production by the Bavarian singer, Adrian Hoven. He was quite famous, I

think, but unfortunately he died far too early, in the mid 80's. We shot the whole film in Vienna.

After that I wanted to stay a few more weeks in Munich and Hoven gave me the keys to his apartment so I didn't have to pay for a hotel. He was really such a nice person. As far as I know, Franco wrote several parts of the script for Hoven who later on directed the picture. I have never seen it but I heard it is terrible.

You also worked with Walerian Borowczyk on *DR. JEKYLL ET LE FEMME* (*BLOOD LUST*). Was it easy to work with him?

Oh yes, he is a very charming and intelligent person. I can remember a German actor named Udo Kier in this picture. He was also very nice but became quite angry during filming because Walerian had to finish the picture earlier than planned. He had some money problems and so many, many nice and important scenes had to be cancelled. He also cancelled a very interesting scene with me. I played a doctor who does an autopsy on a young murdered girl. I had some incredible lines such as, "her vagina has been sliced up completely, her inner vagina lips were damaged by a big butcher knife..." and such stuff. We shot parts of that sequence but soon had to stop. We had a nice time during that scene. Udo Kier and I were always laughing when I was looking down at that ugly rubber vagina and said those stupid lines. Borowczyk was very much in love with the leading actress, Marina Pierro, an Italian girl.

It seems you enjoy doing horrible and gruesome scenes, don't you?

Oh yes, you can't imagine how funny it is to do those scenes. During the shooting of *GRITOS EN LA NOCHE* the whole crew was invited to a little feast that a local village held each year. They were playing a "Cha-Cha-Cha" dance and Franco and I were singing loudly "Dracula, Dracula Cha-Cha-Cha". All the other people were dancing and laughing to that Dracula-song (laughs).

Do you personally like to watch horror movies?

Oh yes, I love them but they have to be good.

You worked with Jean Rollin on *LE LAC DE MORT VIVANTES* (*ZOMBIE LAKE*) for Eurocine. What about Rollin?

Rollin is a very nice intelligent person but that film is really a big, big piece of shit. This was not Rollin's fault since he was hired shortly before shooting. The original director refused to do that crap. I only did the film because they paid me good money. But that is the way things usually go.

I really can't complain. I made films under the direction of Fritz Lang, Jean Pierre Melville, Jesus Franco as well as many other good directors. I am proud of those movies but certainly I also did a lot of terrible films just for the money. I am living the way I want to. I don't have to lick the shoes of anybody to get into some stupid production. Franco and I are outsiders in the film industry and I prefer to stay in that position.

You worked also with Christopher Lee. Many people say he is a very difficult person. What do you think about him?

Lee is an incredibly arrogant idiot and a bad, bad actor too!

If you talk to him about his Dracula roles, he gets very insulted and hates you forever.

The following story is so unbelievable I have to tell it to you. I first met him at a swimming pool in our hotel in Portugal. I was lying in the sun and had a drink. He came up to me and said in his terrible school-English, "Well Howard, nice weather today but whenever I am in Southern countries such as Portugal or Spain, I get sick." So I replied, "Well then, go and see a doctor." He answered, "Yes, that is a good idea Howard, because suddenly everything comes out liquid." (laughs loud)

Isn't that incredible? I mean you can say this to a really good friend, but I had never met him before. Whenever I saw him after that morning I always expected him to say, "Hello Howard, once again this morning I had to shit like a cow." (laughs)

Also, I can remember we were shooting in a little Portuguese village and some small children found out that the big scary Dracula was there to do a film. One of the little guys managed to get a magazine with a picture of Lee as Dracula on the cover. He gave it to Lee and wanted an autograph. Lee looked at it and then tore it to pieces. Isn't that horrible?

He was always complaining on the set because many actors were not English, so they spoke with a big accent and Lee was not willingly to work with those "terrible" actors, who were unable to speak fine English. Lee is only well known because of his Dracula roles and he should be thankful some people are able to recognize him at all.

You also did a lot of dubbing jobs in France.

Yes, for example I dubbed Klaus Kinski's voice which was a very easy thing to do. One time when I had to dub for him, a girl came up to me and said, "Oh Howard, that was fabulous, how did you do that?" It sounded as if Kinski said it himself." I answered, "This is the easiest thing in the world. Look at him. You just have to act like a maniac and soon you will see it fits perfectly" (laughs).

I also dubbed porno movies and once in a while I would refuse to do the usual, "aaaaah, uuuh, oooh, llll" sound dubbing that usually reminded me more of a heart attack than a sex act. Instead I usually preferred to add some stupid dialogue such as "Oh yes, you slut, feel my dick, I am coming" (laughs loud). When the producer heard the finished dubbing he looked at me and I looked at him and we both had to laugh for several minutes. You have to understand, I am not an unmoralistic person, but for sure I am amoralistic and I really love to be that way (laughs).

In some films you worked with Pamela Stanford. What do you think about her?

Oh she is a wonderful girl but I really don't know what became of her. During that time a very, very popular erotic magazine had its premiere issue and I knew one of the editors. He asked me if I could do some erotic photographs for the magazine and I asked Pamela if she would help me. It was very funny and erotic as Pamela was wearing some old pants as if she were someone who worked in the fields. Those pants were open in the middle so the women could do their private business during work. I took those photos down in my cellar.

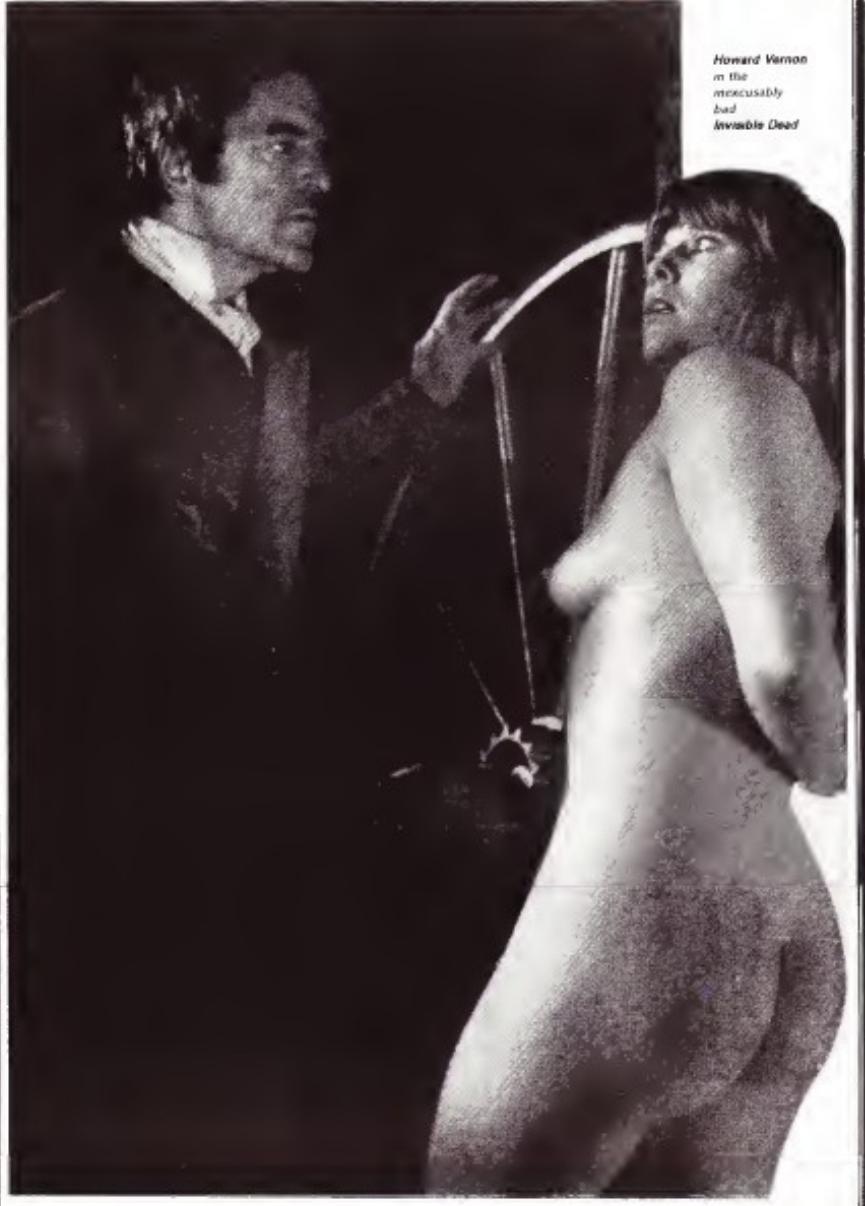
Unfortunately they were never published since the editor forgot to tell me the photos had to be in color and I took them in B&W (laughs).

Your latest film is called DELICATESSEN and it was directed by Jeunet and Caro. Can you tell me something about this production?

I really love this film. It is a comedy/fantasy film. I play a strange old guy who eats only slugs (laughs), but they have to be alive. The director came to me and gave me one page of the storyline, so I read it carefully. It was filled with so many fresh and original ideas that I could only say yes. I told the director, "I'll sign the contract and after that you can do absolutely anything with me in this picture, except hardcore sex scenes" (laughs).



Fun and Games: Howard Vernon in *Jess Franco's Vieja A Bangkok*. Above include adapted from an Edgar Wallace story (1960)

A black and white photograph of Howard Vernon, an older man with dark hair and a mustache, wearing a dark suit and tie. He is looking off to his right with a serious expression. To his right, a woman with dark hair and bangs is leaning against a wall, looking back over her shoulder at him. She is wearing a light-colored, possibly white, top. The background is dark and indistinct.

*Howard Vernon
in the
unexcusably
bad
*Invisible Dead**



A BIASED LOOK AT EURO TRASH CINEMA

by POMPANO JOE TORREZ

reporting from the ETC Sleaze Award Festival

Yes, the tensions are high...very high, indeed...as we begin a series of reports from the coveted *ETC Sleaze Award Festival*. The goal, of course, is to find the most over-the-top, the most outlandishly disgusting motion picture in cinematic history.

No easy task, for sure.

As you probably already know, the administrators of this gallant festival originally nominated films in six basic categories: 1) Cannibal; 2) Shock; 3) Mondo; 4) Erotic; 5) Cruelty; and 6) Zombie. And then the winner from each respective group competes against one another for the honor of being named *numero uno*. Yes, the top-of-the-heap, the hands-down, most disgusting European movie of all time. What fame! What glory!

And fortunately, your ETC editor Craig Ledbetter has spared no expense in bringing you the play-by-play of this significant social event. I realize that I have a most awesome responsibility. Perhaps, a sacred responsibility. And I will try to present the exuberant activities in a straight-forward, non-prejudicial fashion. Unless something pisses me off.

This report (*and those in the future issues of ETC ED.*) is coming to you directly from Helsinki, Finland. And today is Day Two of this exciting week-long sleaze extravaganza. Let's recap yesterday's activities.

The festival opened with *The Most Disgusting Cannibal Movie* category. And the anxious audiences were treated to uncut screenings of the nominees in this prestigious category.

The six entries were *Cannibal Holocaust* (Ruggero Deodato, director) (Italy); *Terror Cannibal* (Julio Perez Tabernero aka Allan Steele, director) (France/Spanish); *Eaten Alive By Cannibals* (aka *Doomed To Die* and *Emerald Jungle*) (Umberto Lenzi, director) (Italy); *Cannibal Ferro* (aka *Make Them Die Slowly*) (Umberto Lenzi, director) (Italy); *Emanuelle And The Last Cannibal Tribe* (aka *Trap Them And Kill Them*) (Aristide Massaccesi aka Joe D'Amato, director) (Italy); and *Lost Cannibal World* (aka *Jungle Holocaust*) (Ruggero Deodato, director) (Italy).

Last month, when the nominations were announced publicly, there arose some controversy

regarding this category. According to early reports, the film *Zombie Holocaust* (aka *Dr Butcher MD*) was included in this division, but after political lobbying by Chas Balun ("I don't know much about this dubbed shit, but a guy sticks his finger in an eye socket...all the way to the knuckle!"), producer Fabrizio De Angelis selected his override and pushed the film into the more accessible *Most Disgusting Zombie* category where competition is considered less fierce. Insiders feel this may be a mistake. Time will tell.

Some other films were also conspicuous in their absence (Franco's *White Cannibal Queen* and Nelson Santos' *How Tasty Was My Little Frenchman*), but the most controversial exclusion remains Sergio Martino's *Mountain Of The Cannibal God* aka *Slave Of The Cannibal God*. Apparently, too many members of the nominating staff had only seen the miserably edited, anemic USA version. Hopefully, they will be able to view the complete, uncut gorefest before next ETC Sleaze Festival.

The ETC nominating board also received a considerable amount of pressure (spearheaded by Seattle extremist Chuck Wilson) for the inclusion of an Indochina entry, *Primitive*. While it certainly does qualify in the gross-out department, ultimately the judges decided that "damn it, the film isn't European." Tough luck, Chuck.

The sentimental favorite among the ETC voting academy was (and still is) *Terror Cannibal*. Over the years, this film has received little attention because, well frankly, the story of kidnappers who escape the big-city-and-find-themselves-in-cannibal-territory is remarkably terrible. But no true sleaze aficionados has ever been influenced by anything so trivial as a poor story!

The bottom line is *Terror Cannibal* does deliver in the over-the-top gore department. This 1981 film is a landmark achievement for director Tabernero who reportedly commented privately to constituents here during a morning roller-blade workout: "the movie even makes me sick." Amazingly it has never been recognized accordingly. Until now, of course. Certainly, nomination into this prestigious circle has

helped to correct years of disregard. But members of the press who expected *Terror Cannibal* to win in its category (who? really) walked away unhappy last evening.

And even though the die-hards from the Umberto Lenzi fan-club campaigned hard for his films (yes, the booth serving blood sausage was a clever idea), *Eaten Alive By Cannibals* and *Cannibal Ferrox* were both hurt by director Lenzi's inappropriate comments: "I prefer not to talk about those movies...I don't like them" (as reported in ETC volume 2 #3).

I, personally, feel that both films suffer from an identity problem. It's difficult to remember which is which. They are kinda interchangeable. However, the gross-out *hook thru Zora Kerova's breast* sequence in *Cannibal Ferrox* (that's the right movie, isn't it?) is a mainstay...truly disgusting cinema extraordinaire.

The nomination of D'Amato's *Emanuelle And The Last Cannibal Tribe* (better known in the states as *Trap Them And Kill Them*) was certainly a gift. A nod to the unique visionary filmmaking talents of the sex-n-sleaze meister Aristide Massaccesi (who prefers being called by his popular pseudonym, Joe D'Amato). The film didn't really have a chance against the much stiffer competition.

And frankly, the D'Amato supporters didn't even campaign for the film. The director (currently filming two movies this week while attending the festival) took a moment from his busy schedule to comment: "*Emanuelle and The Last Cannibal Tribe* is...how do you say?...old crap. When all is over, I will have the hot dog." We can only speculate that he is referring to one of his many other nominations.

Without question, the films of Ruggero Deodato were the festival's clear favorite in this category. The standing ovation he received after the 8 pm showing of *Cannibal Holocaust* was proof of his overwhelming popularity.

And it was no real surprise when the midnight announcement came: Deodato's film *Cannibal Holocaust*, had won in *The Most Disgusting Cannibal* category. Some critics thought that *Lost Cannibal World* was actually a better film, but everyone seemed to agree that "on the pure gut-punch level, *Cannibal Holocaust* is in a league by itself."

And I whole-heartedly agree. *Cannibal Holocaust* is an endurance test. And that film will now go into competition against the winners of the other trash categories.

Apparently, the only disgruntled viewer at yesterday's activities was an unknown critic from the United States, apparently the editor of a Midwest cinema magazine, who kept raving about how the

festival was "tainted" by previewing an edited print of *Cannibal Holocaust*. This irate gentleman continued to complain about "a missing minute...showing a piranha sequence."

But when the festival administrator, Dr Jacob B. Jacobson, explained that director Ruggero Deodato himself claims no knowledge of any such segment, the unnamed Cincinnati Ohio critic began foaming at the mouth like a rabid german shepherd watchdog. Unfortunately, he was taken away and admitted to the local sanitarium. It appears that he will be unable to attend the rest of the festival. What a shame.

Today will be an interesting day at the ETC Sleaze Award Festival, as the members view the entries in *The Most Disgusting Erotic Film* competition. (*The results will be covered in the next issue of ETC, ED.*)



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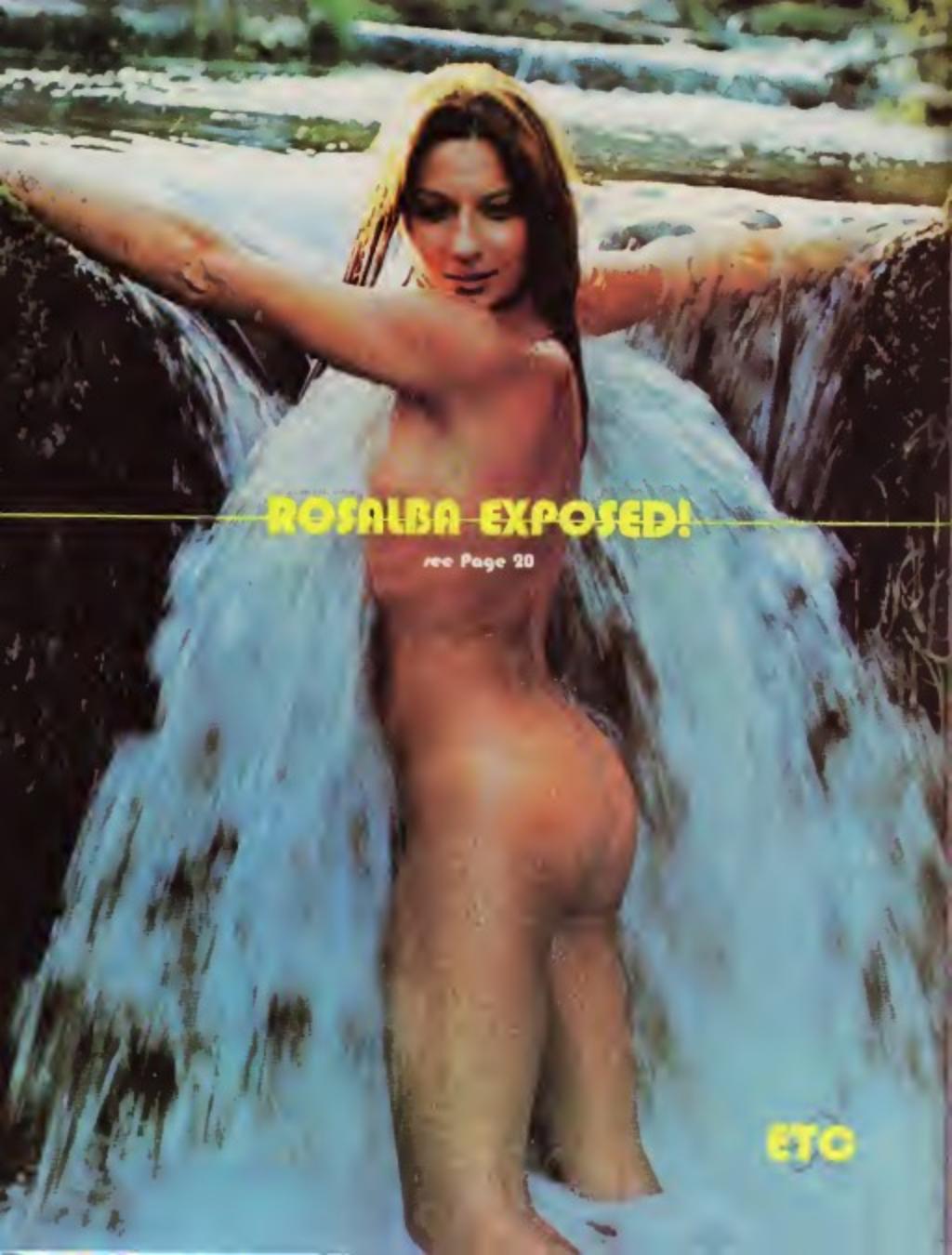
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